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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Scholarship

RESEARCH is always on the tongue of university presidents, but we hear less of scholarship. That shamed doubt as to the ultimate value of literary history or linguistic science which lurks at the heart of all universities takes courage at the sight of print. Those who lack the imagination to estimate the imponderable results of scholarship can count pages and note the discovery of important or trivial facts. Pamphlets, monographs, books, can be named in bibliographies, have the look, at least, of permanence, like a college dormitory or a monument. Alas, there is no permanence in them. Research sheds its tiny beam of light and then goes out, like a match struck to show the path by night. The great works which distinguished our elders, the first American scholars, gather dust in the libraries, but their life has gone into later books; the thousand bits of snapped-up, unconsidered knowledge, having testified once that their makers were "producing scholars," turn yellow in oblivion.

Scholarship means more than discovery. Scholarship is the scholarly mind, which may at will make books or men. The consummate fruit of scholarship may be a great book, or it may be a generation taught to think straight and austerely. The ripe fruit of investigation comes late, is rare at best. What one may hope for in the learned world is not genius often, but true scholarship always, and whether published in paper covers or bound into the minds of learners is all one in the sight of the Lord, provided—a large proviso—that the printed document has the value of the trained mind.

* * *

American universities have not yet come to the side of the angels in this respect. They have been blind to the hours of thought and investigation used up in the teaching of youth, a task as exigent of scholarship as the editing of a text, and more productive. They have urged the young scholar to publish books because they were unable or unwilling to judge of his work with men, and wished evidence that could be read and passed on in a trice. They would rate a preacher by the sermons he printed, not the souls he saved. And they have asked that the young scholar should turn his scholarship into print at the very moment when, if he is a man and a real scholar, every ounce of energy is absorbed in preparation and in teaching. Of the two channels for the precious energy of scholarship it is print that leads towards recognition—and a professorship.

The born writer will write despite all handicaps, the born scholar will sooner or later harvest his discoveries in print, the born teacher will be a scholar also. Yet the platitude that good teachers will be good scholars should not be used to frighten into premature publication. The rewards of academic life should go to a scholarship not to be defined by numbered pages nor limited to the accumulation of facts. Good teaching requires scholarship, is itself scholarship. To say to the young man, go teach, perform an act of scholarship upon the young but do not go too far, restrain your zeal, conserve your energies, prove that you are a scholar by the recording of facts, however trivial, in print, or we will not believe in your scholarship, is to utter very serious nonsense. It is to cry on and off. It is to urge every man to do two things at once, and equally well. It is to send a youth into battle, and judge him by the cut of his uniform.

One of our great delusions is that we need more published research from American universities. The quantity (not the quality) is already twice too great. What we need, and need bitterly, is more scholarship soundly based and rightly directed, and we need it most, not in books or other monuments to reputation, but in the classroom where are its greatest victories, and best chances for enduring service. If universities can recognize the scholarly mind only when they see it bound and printed, let them call in a psychologist, or begin to use their own good common sense.

Manhattan

By MARY WILLCOX

PARIS turns her face away. Stranger.
Stranger.
London is too old for me, and much too wise.
But here, with western wilfulness, here where was a wilderness,
We've raised a sudden city that will take all eyes.

Mumbling, grumbling, he towers between the rivers,
Rooted in the grubby earth that's not quite dry,
Pathetic and exciting, like a dazed young giant,
Looking at his fingers, looking at the sky.

Wait. Watch. Something's going to happen.
See, he's reaching out his hand to pluck a pine tree down!
No, nothing. Wonder has him.
What's the matter, monster, behind that troubled frown?

Do something; hurry; for tick tick, irrevocably,
Tick tick, tick tick, time's sliding through.
There goes my little watching time. So long, young Manhattan!
When you hang comets in your belt, say I told you to!

This Week

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Visions of Empire. By *H. M. Tomlinson.*

Science and Poetry

By I. A. RICHARDS
Author of "Literary Criticism"

EVER since man first grew self-conscious and reflective he has supposed that his feelings, his attitudes, and his conduct spring from his knowledge; that as far as he could it would be wise for him to organize himself in this way, with knowledge as the foundation on which should rest feelings, attitudes, and behavior. In point of fact, he never has been so organized, knowledge having been until recently too scarce; but he has constantly been persuaded that he was built on this plan, and has endeavored to carry the structure further on these lines. He has sought for knowledge, supposing that it would itself directly excite a right orientation to existence, supposing that, if he only knew what the world was like, this knowledge in itself would show him how to feel towards it, what attitudes to adopt, and with what aims to live. He has constantly called what he found in this quest, "knowledge," unaware that it was hardly ever pure, unaware that his feelings, desires, attitudes, and behavior were already orientated by his physiological and social needs, and were themselves, for the most part, the sources of whatever it was that he supposed himself to be knowing.*

* * *

Suddenly, not long ago, he began to get genuine knowledge on a large scale. The process went faster and faster; it snowballed. Now he has to face the fact that the edifices of supposed knowledge, with which he has for so long buttressed and supported his attitudes, will no longer stand up, and, at the same time, he has to recognize that pure knowledge is neutral as regards his aims, that it has no direct bearing upon what he should feel, or what he should attempt to do.

For science, which is simply our most elaborate way of pointing to things systematically, tells us and can tell us nothing about the nature of things in any ultimate sense. It can never answer any question of the form: What is so and so? it can only tell us how so and so behaves. And it does not attempt to do more than this. Nor, indeed, can more than this be done. Those ancient, deeply troubling, formulations that begin with "What" and "Why" prove, when we examine them, to be not questions at all; but requests—for emotional satisfaction. They indicate our desire not for knowledge but for assurance, a point which appears clearly when we look into the "How" of questions and requests, of knowledge and desire. Science can tell us about man's place in the universe and his chances; that the place is precarious, and the chances problematical. It can enormously increase our chances if we can make wise use of it. But it cannot tell us what we are or what this world is; not because these are in any sense insoluble questions, but because they are not questions at all. And if science cannot answer these pseudo-questions no more can poetry, philosophy, or religion. So that all the varied answers which have for ages been regarded as the keys of wisdom are dissolving together.

The result is a biological crisis which is not likely to be decided without trouble. It is one

*A fuller explanation of the positions here adopted will be found in the writer's *Science and Poetry* to be published during the course of the present month by the W. W. Norton Publishing Co., Inc. (New York).

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which we can perhaps decide for ourselves, partly by thinking, partly by reorganizing our minds in other ways; if we do not it may be decided for us, not in the way we should choose. While it lasts it puts a strain on each individual and upon society, a strain which is part of the explanation of many modern difficulties, the difficulties of the poet in particular.

It will be admitted—by those who distinguish between scientific statement, where truth is ultimately a matter of verification as this is understood in the laboratory, and emotive utterance, where "truth" is primarily acceptability by some attitude, and more remotely is the acceptability *of* this attitude itself—that it is not the poet's business to make true statements. Yet poetry has constantly the air of making statements, and important ones; which is one reason why some mathematicians cannot read it. They find the alleged statements to be false. It will be agreed that their approach to poetry and their expectations from it are mistaken and that these apparent statements which occur in poetry are not to be handled in the same way as the real statements of science. Let us call them, to mark the difference, pseudo-statements, or fictions, but not in Vaihinger's sense.

Scientific statements, like the pseudo-statements of poetry, do of course constantly touch off attitudes and action. Our daily practical existence is largely guided by them, and on the whole true statements are of more service to us than false ones. None the less we do not and, at present, cannot order our emotions and attitudes by true statements alone. We cannot build our poetry out of science. Nor is there any probability that we shall ever contrive to do so. This is one of the great new dangers to which civilization is exposed. Countless pseudo-statements about the universe, about human nature, the relations of mind to mind, about the soul, its rank and destiny—pseudo-statements which are pivotal points in the organization of the mind, vital to its well-being, have suddenly become impossible for sincere, honest, and informed minds to believe. For centuries they have been believed; now they are gone, irrevocably; and the knowledge which has killed them is not of a kind upon which an equally fine organization of the mind can be based.

* * *

This is the contemporary situation. The remedy, since there is no prospect of our gaining adequate knowledge, and since indeed it is fairly clear that genuine knowledge cannot serve us here and can only increase our practical control of Nature, is to cut our pseudo-statements free from belief, and yet retain them, in this released state, as the main instruments by which we order our attitudes to one another and to the world. Not so desperate a remedy as may appear, for poetry conclusively shows that even the most important among our attitudes can be aroused and maintained without any belief entering in at all. The attitudes of Tragedy, for example. We need no beliefs, and indeed we must have none, if we are to read "King Lear." Pseudo-statements to which we attach no belief such as occur in poetry and statements proper such as science provides cannot conflict. It is only when we introduce illicit beliefs into poetry that danger arises. To do so is from this point of view a profanation of poetry.

Yet an important branch of criticism which has attracted the best talents from prehistoric times until today consists of the endeavor to persuade men that the functions of science and poetry are identical, or that the one is a "higher form" of the other, or that they conflict and we must choose between them.

The root of this persistent endeavor is clear. If we give to a pseudo-statement the kind of unqualified acceptance which belongs by right only to certified scientific statements, if we can contrive to do this, the impulses and attitudes with which we respond to it gain a notable stability and vigor. Briefly, if we can contrive to believe poetry, then the world *seems*, while we do so to be transfigured. It used to be comparatively easy to do this, and the habit has become well established. With the extension of science and the neutralization of nature it has become difficult as well as dangerous. Yet it is still alluring; it has many analogies with drug-taking. Hence the endeavors of the critics referred to. Various subterfuges have been devised along the lines of regarding Poetic Truth as figurative, symbolic; or as more immediate, as a truth of Intuition, not of reason, or as a higher form of the same truth as reason yields. Such attempts to use poetry as a denial or as a corrective of science are very common. One point can be made against them all: they are never worked out in detail. There is no equivalent to Mill's "Logic" expounding any such view. The language in which they are framed is usually a blend of obsolete psychology and emotive exclamations.

The long-established and much-encouraged habit of giving to emotive utterances—whether pseudo-statements simple, or looser and larger wholes taken as saying something figuratively—the kind of assent which we give to established facts, has for most people debilitated a wide range of their responses. A few scientists, caught young and brought up in the laboratory, are free from it; but then, as a rule, they pay no serious attention to poetry. For most men the recognition of the neutrality of nature brings about—through this habit—a divorce from poetry. They are so used to having their responses propped up by beliefs, however vague, that when these shadowy supports are removed they are no longer able to respond. Their attitudes to so many things have been forced in the past, over-encouraged. And when the world-picture ceases to assist there is a collapse. Over whole tracts of natural emotional response we are today like a bed of dahlias whose sticks have been removed. And this effect of the neutralization of nature is only in its beginnings. Consider the probable effects upon love-poetry in the near future of the kind of inquiry into basic human constitution exemplified by psycho-analysis.

* * *

A sense of desolation, of uncertainty, of futility, of the groundlessness of aspirations, of the vanity of endeavor, and a thirst for a life-giving water which seems suddenly to have failed, are the signs in consciousness of this necessary reorganization of our lives. Our attitudes and impulses are being compelled to become self-supporting; they are being driven back upon their biological justification, made once again sufficient to themselves. To those familiar with Mr. Eliot's "The Waste Land," my indebtedness to it at this point will be evident. He seems to me by this poem, to have performed two considerable services for this generation. He has given a perfect emotive description of a state of mind which is probably inevitable for a while to all meditative people. Secondly, by effecting a complete severance between his poetry and all beliefs, and this without any weakening of the poetry, he has realized what might otherwise have remained largely a speculative possibility, and has shown the way to the only solution of these difficulties. "In the destructive element immerse. That is the way." A great deal of poetry can, of course, be written for which total independence of all beliefs is an easy matter. But it is never poetry of the more important kind, because the temptation to introduce beliefs is a sign and measure of the importance of the attitudes involved. At present it is not primarily religious beliefs, in the stricter sense of the word, which are most likely to be concerned. Emphases have altered surprisingly. University societies founded fifteen years ago, for example, to discuss religion, are usually found to be discussing sex today. And serious love poetry, which is independent of beliefs of one kind or another, traditional or eccentric, is rare.

Yet the necessity for independence is increasing. This is not to say that traditional poetry, into which beliefs readily enter, is becoming obsolete; it is merely becoming more and more difficult to approach without confusion; it demands a greater imaginative effort, a greater purity in the reader.

We must distinguish here, however. There are many feelings and attitudes which, though in the past supported by beliefs now untenable, can survive their removal because they have other, more natural, supports and spring directly from the necessities of existence. To the extent to which they have been undistorted by the beliefs which have gathered round them they will remain as before. But there are other attitudes which are very largely the product of belief and have no other support. These will lapse if the changes here alluded to continue. With their disappearance some forms of poetry—much minor devotional verse, for example—will become obsolete. And with the unravelling of the intellect *versus* emotion entanglement, there will be cases where even literature to which immense value has been assigned—the speculative portions of the work of Dostoievsky may be instanced—will lose much of its interest, except for the history of the mind. It was because he belonged to our age that Dostoievsky had to wrestle so terribly in these toils.

A pioneer in modern research upon the origins of culture was asked recently whether his work had any bearing upon religion. He replied that it had, but that at present he was engaged merely in "getting the guns into position." The same answer might be given with regard to the probable consequences of recent progress in psychology, not only for religion but for the whole fabric of our traditional beliefs about ourselves. In many quarters there is a tendency to suppose that the series of attacks upon received ideas which began, shall we say, with Galileo and rose to a climax with Darwinism, has overreached itself with Einstein and Eddington, and that the battle is now due to die down. This view seems to be too optimistic. The most dangerous of the sciences is only now beginning to come into action. I am thinking less of psycholanalysis or of behaviorism than of the whole subject which includes them. It is very probable that the Hindenburg Line to which the defense of our traditions retired as a result of the onslaughts of the last century will be blown up in the near future. If this should happen a mental chaos such as man has never experienced may be expected. We shall then be thrown back, as Matthew Arnold foresaw, upon poetry. It is capable of saving us; it is a perfectly possible means of overcoming chaos. But whether man is capable of the reorientation required, whether he can loosen in time the entanglement with belief which now takes from poetry half its power and would then take all, is another question, and too large to be entered upon here.

The Case of Poe

EDGAR ALLAN POE: A Study in Genius. By Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by Norman Foerster
University of North Carolina

As books go, this is an extremely interesting and able book. As biographies of Poe go, it is the most important contribution since George Edward Woodberry's scholarly life. Although it by no means supplants Mr. Woodberry's life, its value may be indicated by saying that it will have to be seriously reckoned with by all future biographers of Poe.

The book is not in the ordinary sense a biography at all, but, as the sub-title denotes, a study in genius. Mr. Krutch inclines to the view that all works of genius come into being essentially as Poe's did, and that in him we have merely an especially clear example of the creative process. His was an exaggerated case of genius; he was a "psychopathic case;" he is "inexplicable by the laws of normal psychology." This, it appears, is true of the man and his works alike: "It is just the persistent attempt to separate these two inseparable things which has stood more than anything else in the way of the complete understanding of either."

So nearly identical (indeed) are the man and his writings that to wish any difference in either the character or experience in the first is to wish that the other had been different too; and since there is no reason to suppose that Poe would have written at all except as the result of a complete maladjustment to life, that would be also to wish that he had not, as a writer, existed at all.

The key, then, to both Poe and his work lies in the idea of self-expression. What was the nature of the self that he expressed so "wildly well"? Apparently his most important heritage from his father's side was "an inclination toward alcohol" and from his mother's side the dark taint which made his sister "a harmless imbecile." As his heritage was sinister, so was his environment. His childhood was a tragic "conflict between a pride constantly nourished and yet continually wounded by a sense that as the son of an outcast and as a dependent not even sure of his patron he had no right to it." He suffered from a sense of inferiority, and seemingly also, as he grew up, from a sexual impotence presumably connected with the "baneful fascination" exercised over his mind by the memory of his mother. Then, too, "the haughty and reckless spirit of the old Southern aristocracy" that he imbibed at the University of Virginia was "poison" in his case, causing his insecure pride to grow apace. "These University days were, indeed, the beginning of the first stage of Poe's lifelong flight from himself." He could not control the

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actual world that he lived in, and more and more, as time went on, sought compensation by building an inward one "more real." The external result of this maladjustment and this compensation was—The Works of Edgar Allan Poe.

I have given a mere sketch of Mr. Krutch's argument, on the assumption that the reader will proceed to the book itself, a provocative little book, one of the best of many recent attempts to determine what light psychoanalysis throws on literature. Although on the whole commendably circumspect, the author has not succeeded in maintaining the scientific attitude at which he aims. The Edgar Allan Poe professor of English at the University of Virginia has already published corrections of some of the errors in fact into which Mr. Krutch wandered in consequence of his zeal for supporting his thesis. More important is his habit of wholesale assertion, as when he announces that "no more completely personal writer than Poe ever existed," and that "there is not, in the ordinary sense, one iota of observation or touch of reality in any story or poem which he produced. No native characters, no observed incidents, no contemporary problems appear; into himself he drew nothing, but he poured out, on the contrary, scenes, characters, and emotions which had no source but his own imagination." This is to propose a new Poe myth. Again, while the author occupies a strong position when he maintains that Poe and his works must be related to each other, he lapses into what appears to me a vague or nonsensical dictum when he holds that "to accept one is to accept the other"—does this mean that we must admire Poe the man if we admire Poe's writings? Mistaken zeal causes the author, once more, to subscribe literally to the assertion of Poe himself (a lamentable witness) that the terror in certain of his tales was "not of Germany but of the soul;" this, says Mr. Krutch, "is merely the simple and unescapable truth," since "the forces which wrecked his life were those which wrote his works." In saying this, the author invites a sweeping criticism of his study of literary genius.

There are involved here two ways of "explaining" the writings of a man like Poe, or, less obviously, the writings of any genius. One is the historical way, which emphasizes the literary and intellectual influences that shape a writer's work. This is the favorite method of the academic mind in our time, which enjoys the task of showing how thoroughly the work of a writer like Poe fits into the history of the Romantic Movement. The other way is the psychoanalytical, which centers attention upon the quality of the writer's subconscious psychic activity, in the belief that in that activity is to be found the true "source" of his works. Mr. Krutch has only scorn for the historical approach, and only admiration for the psychoanalytic. In taking this attitude he is doubly unscientific, although to be scientific is his dearest desire. For, in the first place, the literary influences upon a writer, the things that he selects or that gravitate toward him, show why the creative force in him expressed itself in the way that it did express itself. Poe's way was that of his time. If he had lived at another time, and had had the same kind of personal heritage and experience, there is every reason to suppose that he would have written otherwise, or not have written at all. The forces which wrecked his life may have awakened the impulse to write, but in the shaping of his intuitions he was guided primarily by the traditions of romanticism. We can see that definitely; the historical "explanation" of a writer's work is, so far as it goes, valid. Secondly, we cannot see definitely, on the contrary, what goes on in the psychic realm. The application of our present psychoanalysis to literature is essentially unscientific, for the reason that this new development of psychology is still on trial—is still interesting and promising speculation rather than knowledge.

To pass beyond the study of the gravitation of influences to the cause of the gravitation is to

> . . . take upon's the mystery of things,
> As if we were God's spies.

It may well be questioned whether we shall ever enjoy so exalted a commission; and assuredly it is plain that we do not enjoy it now, and that Mr. Krutch is, accordingly, somewhat premature in his attempt to circumvallate Poe and his works in a neat system. Yet, it ought at least to be said that he has employed plausibly the supposed knowledge that underlies his book, and that the picture that he draws makes us feel closer to the tortured spirit of Poe than we feel in reading the encomiums or the denunciations by most of his biographers.

"L'Homme d'Amour"

FRANZ LISZT. By GUY DE POURTALÈS. Henry Holt & Co. New York. 1926.

Reviewed by EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL
Harvard University

"EXPRESSIONISM" is gradually stealing into all the arts. One by one, it has invaded painting, music, sculpture, poetry, and the drama. It is now the fashion to write biography in the "expressionist" manner. In place of the exhaustive two or three volume treatment of the human subject, with an elaborate analysis of his professional career, amply provided with notes and cross references, we have a far briefer exposition of humanistic traits, a coloristic background of persons and places into which the life work of the individual makes scarcely more than an apologetic entrance. Witness "Glorious Apollo" and "Ariel" both which are atmosphere and personality incarnate, but which do not attempt the conventional sphere of biography. This method has much to commend it. Its the first place it enables the author to concentrate upon the human qualities of his subject without demanding the intense critical insight which is essential to the real biography. There is a further advantage that in outlining the career of an artist, the precise nature of his innovations and indeed the accurate estimate of his historical import may be

DIANA: "SPORT'S THE THING"
From "Ixion in Heaven," by Benjamin Disraeli, decorated by John Austen (Holt)

safely ignored. The general reading public expects from biography first of all an illumination of personality, an intensification of character, not an accession to its knowledge of professional prowess.

With the preponderance of argument on his side, from the popular point of view, M. de Pourtalès has written a life of Liszt which belongs to the "expressionist" category of biography. He has, at the outset, defined Liszt's dual personality, that baffling union of the sensualist and the mystic. He has followed his subtitle "l'Homme d'amour" and given refined, yet glowing narratives of Liszt's principal love affairs, and deftly indicated their reaction upon the composer's career. Marie d'Agoult and the Princess von Sayn-Wittgenstein naturally occupy the lion's share of these tender episodes. In the former case, M. de Pourtalès errs on the side of chivalry, overlooking the fact that the Countess d'Agoult's brother once declared that Liszt had throughout acted "like a man of honor." On the other hand, the refusal to grant the Princess von Sayn-Wittgenstein a divorce in order that she might marry Liszt is so skilfully related as to arouse the reader's sympathies for a noble-hearted woman.

If the inherent unselfishness of Liszt's character is scarcely revealed in its real dimensions by M. de Pourtalès, neither is the intrinsic significance of his innovations in the field of composition, and the universality of his influence more than suggested. On the other hand, Liszt's personality as a whole, the intellectual and emotional background of his life, his friendships with von Bülow, Schumann, and more especially Wagner, the gradual domination of the ecclesiastical over the worldly in his later years, are all admirably depicted, and give this biography a graphic quality possessed by no other. For the untechnical music-lover, and the student of human nature, M. de Pourtalès has accomplished his task excellently. If this volume does not supersede the life by Huneker, it supplements it in an admirable fashion. For one who wishes specific information, Huneker is always available. For the student of temperaments who wishes to obtain a vivid glimpse of the man Liszt, M. de Pourtalès' picturesque and enlightening volume will provide an enthralling stimulus.

When a Man Thobs

THOBBING. By HENSHAW WARD. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

"WHEN a person thinks without curiosity, has an opinion because he likes it, and believes what is handy, then he thobs. I am weary," wrote Jack in Mr. Ward's parable, "of a universe of thobbing. I am coming home to study mining engineering." Thinking, opining, and believing are stages in the progress of thobbistic conviction. Thobbing is what Professor Conklin calls "wishful thinking," and is the better term, first, because it is one word, and second, because it suggests throbbing, whereas *wishful* suggests wistful. It is not the thobbing that is wishful, but the thobbing that is throbbing, which is mainly the target, the elusive quintain, successfully speared by Mr. Ward's agile lance. What are the faiths, beliefs, convictions which we so emotionally champion? Either they are in the "mores," handed over to us in packages by inheritance, and never really poked into to see what they contain; or they are reached in a manner somewhat like this: as soon as we ask ourselves, What is the truth about this or that? straightway one of several attractive answers pop into our expectant minds; presently one of them has been taken into the heart of our affections, and we are its hundred per cent champions. The reasons we give for our choice are commonly not causes of choice, but weapons of defense.

A thobber seems to be much what Napoleon used to call an ideologist, a person whose conception of a thing is always getting in front of the thing. After all it is a relative matter. Everyone sees somewhat and fancies somewhat. No one sees anything without some personal slant. We are as little rational as primitive savages. We know more, but from his premises the savage argues as rationally and irrationally as we do. Our minds also are full of myths, and we, too, are outraged if anyone threatens them. No sooner is one dream castle and palace of theory thrown down than we build another, as convinced of its rock foundations as the architects before us.

Only in certain sciences, in which men constantly observe and only theorize intermittently, is there indisputable progress. The process is not wholly observation and induction, but nowhere else are hypotheses called hypotheses and recognized as classifications of apparent facts which the mind cannot otherwise handle. Elsewhere hypotheses are called laws, principles, convictions, doctrines, faiths, or other terms charged with possessive emotion. Herbert Spencer's idea of a tragedy, someone said, was a generalization destroyed by a fact. Only the Darwins are more pleased by a new fact than distressed by the wound it gives to a theory previously in good health. A mining engineer cannot thob on the job,—not very much,—for the job will rise up and smite him. But whenever the facts are not too thin-skinned, quick-tempered, and contentious, one may thob blissfully along, and bequeath his thobs to posterity who will rise up and call him blessed.

Mr. Ward has cast his argument in the form of letters to Clarence Day. Could anything be more ingratiating, more inductive of candor and wit? But with all his conversational manner, somewhat this side of sedate, there is nothing half-baked or incompetent in his handling of the monumental subjects into which he plunges. He has read widely and thought hard. He uncovers thobbing ruthlessly in the man in the street and in the deep thinker of long long thoughts: in morality, science, sociology, philosophy, and psychology; in the radical as in the conservative; in the educational doctrine of Professor Dewey, the economic man of Adam Smith; and the gargoyles of Upton Sinclair; in peace plans and principles of law. His inspiration or starting point, if it can be traced definitely, seems to be Sumner, and Sumner's Folkways.

Personally I am a thobber, probably more so than

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the average; and while admitting Mr. Ward to be correct in his analysis and nearly always right in specific attacks, I am drawn by the practice of that pleasant habit to wonder if life would not be somewhat dry and dreary if one did nothing but satisfy curiosity. I doubt whether the faculty of observation would ever be as steady a source of happiness to me as the faculty of imagining. That is only personal. But—somewhat more impersonally—I do not see how we would get anywhere without making pictures and schemes out of, and round about, the things we observe; or how we would be really the better for holding all our beliefs provisionally, and putting cold hypotheses everywhere in the place of warm faiths. It is all very well for Mr. Day, with speciously disarming candor, to admit: "We aren't expecting to free ourselves from thobbing; all we hope is for *awareness* of thobbing;" Mr. Ward's sense of injury is quite understandable when he adds: "To us it appears that the uplifters are not even interested in becoming *aware* of thobbing." But, naturally, they are not! If they were, they would not be so interested in uplifting. George Sorel wrote a book once on the function of the myth. Mr. Ward owes us another book in defense of thobbing. There is not heat enough in curiosity. As soon as one throbs one thobs. A world without thobbing would probably be a world without heroism or poetry. Awareness of thobbing takes away its effectiveness; takes away all its gusto and its glory, and leaves us at sitting perched on the cinder heap of dead illusions, sniffling at the green grass for growing so foolishly.

Nevertheless Mr. Ward's "Thobbing" is a book worth any man's reading for several reasons. One of them is that he handles weighty and complex subjects competently, in language as light and simple as a baseball bat, and with that smacking impact which suggests enthusiasm on the bleachers; and even to the discriminating mind, observant, curious, but unthobbing, suggests the provisional possibility of a home run.

American History in Pictures

THE PAGEANT OF AMERICA. A Pictorial History of the United States. Edited by RALPH HENRY GABRIEL. Volume I, Adventures in the Wilderness. By CLARK WISSLER, CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER, and WILLIAM WOOD. Volume III, Toilers of Land and Sea. By RALPH HENRY GABRIEL. New Haven: The Yale University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

Author of "The American States"

THE principal merit of these fascinating volumes is likely to be missed by the man who gives them but a casual inspection. A pictorial history of the nation is no new thing, and a very full pictorial history might be compiled which would have little value beyond entertaining the general reader and vivifying the country's record. But these volumes, the first two in a projected set of twelve, go to the original documents for their illustrations, and thus become in considerable degree sourcebooks. They are a guide and an object-lesson in research as well as a mere collection of interesting pictures. Consisting in the main of contemporary drawings and paintings, portraits, and maps, and photographs of museum models and exhibits, they give but little room to the endless list of "fanciful" historical pictures with which young students are often fed. They do not entirely avoid the stock paintings of Isabella pawning her jewels, Pocahontas saving John Smith, Washington crossing the Delaware, and the like, but they keep them subordinated to material that is truthful, unhackneyed, and historically illuminating. To most students the original sources seem difficult and forbidding. Anyone who masters these volumes will receive a delightful introduction to many of them, as well as a freshening stimulus to the imagination.

The first volume, dealing with the Indians, the explorers, and the early European colonies, shows best the compilers' breadth of research. Here the whole panorama of North American history from 1492 to (roughly) 1700 is reviewed by means of 750 illustrations. The life of the aborigines is treated with skill and thoroughness, receiving 130 pictures with explanatory paragraphs by Clark Wissler. He begins with John White's drawings of the Virginia Indians and their customs, made about 1585 and deposited in the British Museum; with the illustrations from Theodore de Bry's "Grands Voyages," published at Frankfort in 1591—drawings of deer-stalking, boat-building, autumn harvesting, and so on by Jacques Le Moyne; and with photographs of models representing Indian scenes from the National Museum and the State Museum at Albany. Thence we come to the illustrations from Lafitau's "Customs of the American Savages" (1724), of which the study of Iroquois Indians weaving, cooking, grinding meal, and dressing skins is the best example. The drawings by George Catlin, by M. H. Eastman (1853), and by Schoolcraft are of course more familiar. Western Indians as well as Eastern are given attention, and we have some striking reproductions of Clark Bodmer's fine drawings of Prince Maxmilian's Travels (1832-34), as well as of the work of later artists like Frederic Remington.

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The chapter on Christopher Columbus offers in briefer compass an example of the editors' methods. Here are such geographical items as a reproduction of Toscanelli's chart, and a photograph of a page of d'Ailly's "Imago Mundi," annotated in the handwriting of Columbus or of his brother. Here are contemporary portraits of Isabella and of Ferdinand. Two pages are given up to the early portraits of Columbus, none of which is known to be an authentic likeness. The Jovius portrait, which hung on the walls of one of the first great admirers of Columbus; the Yanez portrait, with marks of the sixteenth century Italian school; the Uffizi gallery portrait, and five others are presented, and their various claims to attention weighed. There is a recent photograph of the sunbaked monastery of La Rabida, where Columbus was sheltered and encouraged at a dark hour. A German picture of a Venetian shipyard, dated Mainz, 1486, shows the method of shipbuilding followed in Columbus's time. Of course there is a picture of the reconstruction of the Santa Maria made for the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, and there is a modern sketch of the beach at Watling's Island, where Columbus landed. The chapter is one that should kindle the imagination of every reader, young or old.

The one disappointing portion of the first volume is its pictorial history of New France, "a tragedy complete in five acts." The story is accurately and spiritedly told by William Wood, but the space allowed, 46 pages, is hardly sufficient for this epic narrative of the years 1534-1763, from Cartier to Montcalm. A large proportion of the 113 pictures are photographs of modern statues, murals, paintings, and the like. It is to be hoped that the chapter will be carefully supplemented when the history of the French wars is treated from the British side. Yet even in their inadequate pages are highly valuable materials for any student—Ramusio's plan of Montreal, 1565, when it was a little palisaded hamlet; a reproduction of sections from Champlain's manuscript account of his voyage to the West Indies in 1599; Lescarbot's map of New France, 1609; Champlain's own spirited sketch of his fight with the Iroquois in 1613; and so on down to a specimen of paper money signed by Bigot, 1749. A somewhat harrowing item is a picture showing all the different forms of torture inflicted upon the Jesuits by the savages, published in New France, 1664. Special mention should be made of a map, one of several prepared expressly for this work by Gregor Noetzel of the American Geographical Society, showing with graphic clarity the wanderings of all the French explorers from Champlain in 1609 to the Mallet Brothers in 1740.

* * *

If the volume on "Toilers of Land and Sea" shows less of erudite scholarship, it is even more broadly illuminating and diverting than the first volume. The treatment is naturally more topical and less chronological. Professor Gabriel has the advantage of covering an almost untouched field, for we have no good history of American agriculture; he has furnished an excellent exposition of its general development, in simple, and popular form, and has illustrated it felicitously. Especially after 1840, he has made much use of contemporary drawings in illustrated periodicals. The slowly changing aspects of Northern farm life are depicted by many drawings from *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, and old books, by the rural paintings of Winslow Homer and Thomas Wood, and by the admirable photographs of Clifton Johnson. Some of the chapters are a revelation of the inspiration that the rural scene has given to American art. E. A. Abbey's choir in a country church, Eastman Johnson's "Cornhusking in Nantucket," A. B. Frost's drawing of a Yankee delegation calling on their legislative representative to attack him for his votes, Alfred Howland's painting of a horsetrade, and W. L. Taylor's of a barn-raising, show how varied and picturesque is the material which country occupations and customs have offered. One chapter is given to the cotton kingdom, and another to the cattle country. In the later pages there is a good deal of contemporary matter upon both agriculture and fishing which comes closer to commercial geography than to history.

Throughout these two volumes the text plays a rôle, as it should, quite secondary to the pictures. We do not need new outlines of American history, and the authors make no effort to furnish one. At times, particularly in the volume on farming and fishing, and in the section on Indian life, the letterpress is merely explanatory of the illustrations, and shows little cohesion. But a special word of commendation is due to Constance Lindsay Skinner for the adroitness with which she has made a consecutive, closely knit narrative of the colonizing activities of England, Holland, and Spain. She has so selected and arranged her five hundred illustrations that she can tell a continuous story. It is to be hoped that the contributors to those later volumes which require narrative rather than exposition will solve the problem with equal skill.

The series as a whole promises to be of great value and interest. It is an admirable continuation of the work that the Yale University Press has done in recent years in arousing a popular interest of more than superficial character in the history of the United States. Like the series of books called "The Chronicles of America," and like the films of the same name, it should have a wide appeal, should hold the attention of those who would find even a Fiske or McMaster somewhat heavy, and yet makes no compromises with the demand for veracity and thoroughness in the essentials of history. If the whole set maintains the standard of these initial volumes, it will be prized by specialists and scholars as well as studied with delight by general readers.

Joseph Mallaby Dent, publisher, and member of the British Archæological Society, died recently. Mr. Dent was born in Darlington, England, in 1849, and was educated in the elementary schools there. At the age of seventeen he went to London to finish his apprenticeship in bookbinding and printing. He went into business himself as a bookbinder in 1872, and began publishing in 1888. Among his publications, in addition to the Temple Shakespeare, Temple Classics, and Everyman's Library, were the Collection Gallia, the King's Treasuries, complete editions of the works of W. H. Hudson, and Joseph Conrad. He was much interested in photography, archæology, and travel.

David McCord is making a collection of poems and verses (serious and humorous) about Harvard, though not necessarily by Harvard men. If the readers of the *Saturday Review of Literature* can refer him to any such that are not to be found in the files of Harvard periodicals— the *Lampoon*, *Advocate*, *the Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, etc., he will be greatly obliged for such information. His address is 4 Wadsworth House, Cambridge, Mass.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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A Hopeful Enigma

TWO OR THREE GRACES, And Other Stories. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by MONTGOMERY BELGION

THIS volume contains one story of 208 pages, and three stories, or rather sketches, of between 20 and 35 pages each. They make delightful, absorbing reading. The concetti positively crepitate like machine-gun fire. You will roar at the man who in quest of listeners to his monologues on such exciting themes as the Swiss banking system, artificial manures, or the law relating to insurance companies, meets the Channel boats at Dover or the international trains at Modane and waylays acquaintances made momentarily helpless by sea-sickness or the fatigues of travel. Many of the characters' names are really joyous finds, particularly Peddley, Spiller, the Jewess Mrs. Melilla (Mr. Huxley evidently reads the foreign news), and the Greek Mr. Theotocopulos (a Cretan, I suspect, that Greek!).

And the technical skill constantly calls for admiration. For instance, it is Bach, not Tschaikovsky, that Grace mentions to the musical critic; she was ignorant and foolish, but she moved in the right circles! How perfect, too, Coo and Husky's Englishwomen's French in "Half-Holiday:" faultless, but not French French! And how economically told are the marriage of Wilkes and the holiday at Monte Circeo. (Too often a narrator seems, as Mr. Huxley might say, made of wood, but Wilkes marries, though Catherine, his bride, remains a stick.) Best of all, perhaps, in this way, are Grace's two letters to Wilkes, the first a natural one, the second entirely influenced by Clegg; to that pair of epistles the Huxleyans will return again and again. The final little sketch, "Fairy Godmother," is delicious.

But when one has closed the book and leaned back, the enthusiasm gradually cools. One realizes the standardizing influence of Oxford on style. In 1911, for example, Mr. Beerbohm was inlaying his fiction with words such as meiosis, orgulous, aposiopesis, and impudently explaining why one character spoke (as did all the others) in the manner in which their creator wrote by making Zuleika Dobson say that she had picked up this manner through sitting next to a literary man at dinner, a Mr. Beerbohm. Now today appears Mr. Huxley calling the illiterate the analphabetic, indulging in Gallicisms such as velleity and "tap him," and being unable to prevent his characters (with the notable exceptions of the unconvincing Peter Brett and the still less convincing prostitute of "Half-Holiday") from speaking and even writing as their author writes.

* * *

And next it dawns upon one that the ambitious story, "Two or Three Graces," which gives its name to the whole book, has two cardinal defects. The first is precisely that it is smothered by long words, artificial dialogue, Gallicisms, old jokes, fine writing—in a word, by the Oxford manner. As to this, Mr. Huxley himself will kindly appear for the prosecution. He has stated in writing, not once but repeatedly, that a tragedy must be clothed in simple language, in the style, say, of "Julius Cæsar," Racine, or even Stendhal. Only a comedy, he has insisted, can support the comic manner, the flowery paragraphs, and the elaborate factiousness. Others, naturally, had discovered this wisdom before him; the point is that Mr. Huxley knows of it and has forced it on the attention of his readers. But when he comes to handle a tragedy himself, he completely ignores it. For the fate of Grace, the heroine of "Two or Three Graces," who is tortured and then abandoned by the first man whom she has ever loved, is a tragedy, and the sincerity of her intention to kill herself is the earnest thereof.

Mr. Huxley, it is true, tries to mislead one at the last as to this, and here is the second great fault of his story. Cleverly, no doubt, he draws a red herring across the reader's path, that herring being the Arietta from the last and perhaps the most majestic of Beethoven's piano sonatas, and deceitfully takes refuge in the idle prophecy of "Da capo." Occupied with thoughts of that Arietta, the reader is expected to ignore the fact, a fact of which Mr. Huxley has been well aware, that his oracular "Da capo," his suggestion that Grace will meet a second Uncle Pandarus and third and fourth Troiluses are—bosh! Grace, it is on the contrary evident, has had her day; her passion for Kingham, Mr. Huxley has shown, was entirely different from her fancy for Clegg, and she will not obliterate that passion as she obliterated the fancy. She will return to her Peddley and her children, but her life is finished: henceforth she will only exist.

Nevertheless, to have shown how Kingham's appetite for baths of passion, for emotional scenes, kindled the love of Grace for him—to have shown, in short, that her fate was tragic, is an achievement of which Mr. Huxley may well be proud. And it is, indeed, that he should be capable of such achievement on the one hand, and on the other that he should at the same time mar it by mere cleverness; that he should be at once so mature and such an ephebe, it is this that makes him such a hopeful enigma.

One should put to his credit that even when he pot-boils, his erudition is never misleading, his æsthetic taste uncommonly sound, his scientific information accurate, his writing always absorbing, often stimulating. At heart he is no pessimist, and when he despairs, one feels it is largely because he has not so far understood people outside his own set. In the sketch "Half-Holiday" (the weakest thing in this book), as I have said, neither the "poor" hero, Peter Brett, nor the prostitute, is anything but absurd. But that limitation may soon be cast off. As I write, his tour of the world—taken at slow march through India and the Orient—is nearly completed. Because globe-trotting did on the whole little good to Mr. D. H. Lawrence is no reason why on Mr. Huxley it should not have an opposite effect. And one must wonder what may he not eventually produce, given the right stimulus, if only he can slough off the Oxford manner?

On a Heroic Scale

JORGENSEN. By TRISTRAM TUPPER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT MACDOUGALL
Brown University

IT is a pleasure to speak a good word for "Jorgensen." Mr. Tupper has written a novel of unusual merits, a novel of sufficient power to make it stand out boldly from the run of contemporary fiction. This emergence is due equally to the substance of the narrative and to the strangely intense manner of the telling. In search of a novel in many respects similar to Mr. Tupper's, we must go to Conrad's "Nostromo;" nearer at hand there is no parallel. Although the comparison, in justice to the two authors, must not be pressed closely, we find in both books the vast influence of an engineering project upon a human colony; in one case, the development of character through contact with the silver mine, and, in the other, through contact with the Black Mountain tunnel. The analogy is too obvious to be ignored.

In the man Jorgensen, Mr. Tupper has created a protagonist of heroic stature. His strength is no less than the strength of the mountain against which he throws himself, and, as is demanded of the true hero, Jorgensen is something more than human. We feel the pressure of his will, as, first dramatically, then tragically, the struggle between the man and the mountain goes on. In the beginning of the story, Jorgensen comes from nowhere, stumbling at sunrise up the bed of a river. Throughout the novel he maintains himself inscrutable, efficient, legendary, and when the end comes he meets it with the spirit of one a little greater than a man. Indeed it was Jorgensen of whom it was told: "They did what he said without his saying anything." He is a character who might well be the pride of any author; few would wish him in their novels, however, for he has a stature and a breadth that would blast the covers of many pretty stories.

Of an importance nearly equal to that of the character Jorgensen, is the style, which seems to be peculiarly Mr. Tupper's own. It is difficult to describe accurately. Above all, it is economical. There is never an unnecessary step in the unfolding of incident or character; for the most part we understand the situation only by inference. No group of people ever talked with the terseness of Mr. Tupper's characters, yet the few words they speak are inevitably revealing and suggestive. This pruning is drastic, giving often a sense of unreality, of a dream. The end justifies the means, however, for Jorgensen could move through neither savage realism nor tepid pleasantness. He demands a setting where nature is slightly veiled and only those aspects of the world visible to him are emphasized. Mr. Tupper is artist enough to let Jorgensen's story play in the only scenes that his protagonist knows.

"Jorgensen" contains more of plot and of character than has been indicated here; it is well-rounded. Some will call it vague, difficult, affected; such people, however, will be untouched by a great character, who, given room to expand, succeeds in a magnificent undertaking and saves his own soul. They will have missed, also, the somewhat unconventional power of Mr. Tupper's pen.

Mr. Montague Speaks Out

ROUGH JUSTICE. By C. E. MONTAGUE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

THE epic character of this masterly book almost defies the appreciation it deserves. The mood of "Disenchantment" culminates in "Rough Justice." Mr. Montague examines the England of the past two decades from attic to cellar and there is much in his final inventory to sadden one of his fellow countrymen. Politics, society, the public school, the university, the war—all these are brought into court. Their various aspects are considered by the light of a mind that never loses sight of the evil within the good or the good within the evil. Mr. Montague's "rough" judgments are the products of a viewpoint essentially dispassionate and, therefore, temperate. He appears to stand for most of the rarer and finer qualities of the real conservative mind. In fact, he is the true liberal, that is a conservative stripped of prejudice.

Like Thomas Garth, the most Olympian character in the galleries of "Rough Justice," he always sees or attempts to see both sides of every question. It may almost be said that his book suffers because of this objective habit. The novelist who declines, even in the most poignant moments of his work, to take sides writes at a considerable disadvantage. But Mr. Montague, not unlike Shakepeare (as some of us read him), does not really disguise where his sympathies lie. In one instance at least, when he brings Immals, the conductor of military executions, into his scene and sets him gloating over the execution of recaptured deserters, the novelist's tolerance breaks down completely. Mr. Montague's hatred and contempt, when he does show them, are not of a kind one would care to incur. But this is an exception to his general method. Most of his narrative proceeds with the most dispassionate objectivity. He is content to display the workings of what he calls "rough justice," and leave his reader to gather what opinions and conclusions he will.

The narrative falls into two main parts. The one concerns the growth and progress of the relationship between Garth and his son Bron. Through several early chapters, following the death of Bron's mother and the virtual adoption of Molly, the orphan of another branch of the Garth family, runs one of the loveliest idylls of childhood in modern literature. This yields, all too soon, to school and university days when shyness and reticence interrupt the former sympathy and understanding. Mr. Montague is rather hard in permitting Bron's school experiences to bludgeon the poetc aspects of his character into the obscure recesses of his mind. In fact it is almost impossible to believe, in the light of earlier chapters, that such a catastrophe could have occurred. Here, perhaps, is the one flagrant fault of this fine book. Mr. Montague, concerned not merely to tell a story, but also to adumbrate and criticize the life of a particular country during a particular epoch, has been forced to fit his characters into a mould which, once or twice, they have grown too big to fit.

We follow Bron's fortunes through the second part of the narrative which treats of the war in the author's most potent manner. Here Mr. Montague splits up the tale to introduce his subtlest and cruellest chapters. These concern Bron's friend, Molly's lover, Victor, a young Oxford scholar of the alleged Balliol type, connoisseur in the arts of self-expression, badinage, and persiflage, a type of that extra-cultivated, hyper-sensitive, delicate manhood which Oxford has furnished forth for the decoration of a hundred books, though less often given to life itself. Mr. Montague draws the character with conviction and makes it live. Victor's physical and mental staying powers break up under the strain of forced marches to the front line and a series of misfortunes turn him into a deserter under the tyrannical care of a French peasant-woman who represents him as her imbecile

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husband until he is captured and shot. The terrible irony of the degradation is sustained from first to last throughout the unforgettable chapters towards the close of "Rough Justice."

Mr. Montague's moral (for he is sufficiently great as an artist to be able, even in these days, to have a moral though he does not point it explicitly), is not drawn from a single reading of his book. By implication he indicts, without wishing to destroy, some of the most securely founded machinery of English civilization. He sees society decaying from the top downwards; sees the educational system reducing individual character to a common type; and in a thousand aspects of the human struggle, culminating in war, "crazy impulses to wreck the human cause in every article of happiness and safety, with the rule of loyal self-control." He challenges methods, not motives and it is not perhaps too much to say that his discussion of all these matters is the most vital of any that has been written during post-war years by anybody who cannot be called a publicist. Mr. Montague has a sense of values which, for practical purposes, even Mr. Bernard Shaw, in his most sober-serious mood, cannot surpass. His insight into the problems and purposes of men and women, no less than his power to translate that insight into lucid, flowing prose narrative, is of the rarest kind. He brings an encyclopædic knowledge to bear lightly upon every page he writes, and his sense of humor is omnipresent. Moreover Mr. Montague's intellectual balance and judgment are such as occur only once or twice in a generation of novelists. Only one consideration suggests a doubt that this novel will outlive its age. It is that Mr. Montague has spent so much of his effort in discussing political and social ideas weighted by the problems of a passing generation. Even then it is difficult to envisage that the passing of these problems would subtract from the vital interest of a story that has few peers in modern fiction.

High Adventure

THE RED GODS CALL. By C. E. Scoggins. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét
Authof "Spanish Bayonet"

TRYING to play the caliph doesn't always work out in the approved Harun-Al-Raschid fashion, as Howard Pressley, president of the Live-Wire Club of Milo, Indiana ("Milo Offers More") found out, when he dazzled a homeless vagabond with his wealth and kindness, and was paid back by a song that led him away from the safe little things of Milo to hot, discomfortable lands in Latin-America where gentlemen with soft, womanish, brown eyes plotted revolutions that differed extraordinarily from the comic-opera affairs of the accepted O. Henry tradition, and where ingenuous visitors from more northern latitudes might run into battle, murder, and sudden death at the turn of a drowsy street.

The transformation of Howard Pressley, plumpish, successful, young realtor into "Buck" Pressley, unwilling soldier of fortune and partner of the notorious Ben Murchison, the stormy petrel of Guatemala and Vizcaya, is faithfully and excitingly recounted, with humor, a pinch of irony, and a sense for colored words. There are duels with needle-pointed rapiers, assassinations by the wholesale, plots, trickeries, escapes, and gallant emprises —but there is more than that. There is genuine character in the description of Ben Murchison with his mild, garrulous voice and his freckled old hands, "looking more like a tired, broken-down storekeeper than a veteran of many wars"—and, occasionally, the tale rises to a pitch very far above that of the usual commercial adventure-story, cut out and tailored for the trade.

There are lapses, too—the book, as a whole, seems rather patched together out of a series of individual stories than composed as a single narrative—and the finale and general grand transformation-scene in the last chapter are a little forced. But there can be no doubt of the fact that in "The Red Gods Call," Mr. Scoggins has not only written what may well be the best American adventure story of the year, but displayed in the writing of it, a certain promise of genuine distinction in the particular field he has chosen that augurs very well for his future. It is by far the best thing of its sort that the present reviewer has come across since T. S. Stribling's "Fombombo."

The Bowling Green

The Whistle

WAS it in one of Charles Lamb's writings that he described sitting on the grassy knoll of Primrose Hill with a familiar damsel? And a funny silly old pensioner came up behind them, blew a shrill whistle, and said that the London County Cuncil (or whatever it was) didn't like people to sit, even with decorum, on the grass in pairs. And Lamb (it must have been Lamb) replied that Dulcie (the name of his companion)—that Dulcie and Decorum were inseparable, as they had been in the Latin poets. But the adorable scandalized old comic merely pointed with his stick toward the gravelled and undallying path.

I can hear just such a whistle sounding from some readers of Llewelyn Powys's lovely book "The Verdict of Bridlegoose." I can hear all sorts of cautious and civil mandarins chirruping that it is "pathological" (whatever that means) and shamelessly pagan. The alumnæ of Miss Spence's school will certainly inquire how it came about that Llewelyn Powys was invited to lecture. The well-to-do brokers who seemed to Powys to have "the mental development of a set of professional golf-players . . . by God, they did look like a bagful of foxes" will be spared embarrassment, for it's not the kind of book they'll ever hear of. But a certain kind of reader will hail "Bridlegoose" with a leaping heart; will know it for what it is, a thoroughly dangerous book; for Powys has put down, with candor as exact as a secret diarist's, the kind of thing that men really think.

* * *

I remember mighty well when the old *Evening Post* began to print those little African sketches by Llewelyn Powys; I remember the thrill of astonished delight that moved in some young pagan bosoms in the office; and how promptly the well-bred and high-born readers of the *Post* fell upon Harry Dounce, the editor who had dared entrust a little literature to the "magazine page" he was charged with. Mr. Powys himself, recalling those days in this book, pays just tribute to Mr. Dounce's hospitality, but leaves the untutored reader likely to suppose that the $3.75 paid for the first of those gorgeous fragments was Harry's own valuation. Alas, the Magazine Editor was tied like Ixion to the wheel of a budget. No other newspaper man in his position, most likely, would have ventured more than the postage necessary to take the MS back to the room—opposite a theological seminary—where L. P. was emanating such savory and untheological proses. Powys seems to have been singularly fortunate, the marrowy reader of this book will incidentally remark, in some of his New York lodgings. It seems that his neighbors always had limbs of "peeled willow" and never pulled down the blinds. There are some familiar figures of our Babylonian scene who would have been wiser to draw the shades while L. P. was here, for he has caught the outlines of their nudity in most entertaining flashes.

* * *

Indeed it would be highly ill-advised to admit how enjoyable is Mr. Powys's little autopsy into American life. And it is more than that, it is important. Only a man who has lived with death in his veins, as Powys has, would be so nobly and scurrilously honest. He has rid his mind, he tells us, of a good many "mean moralities." We all have our own escapade from the unendurable stupidity of the mob. I am not wise enough to know whether Powys's doctrine is better or worse than some other ways of studying the star-pattern. I can only say that he gives us, in this savagely thrilling verdict, as accurate a picture as I have ever read of a certain type of mind, tormented by the bacilli of beauty and lust.

Loving America as much as he does, and particularly loving New York (I bless him in my heart for his glimpses of what she means) he is just enough to say some gingery things. It is quite possible indeed, as he suggested to Bertrand Russell, that America is perhaps "the greatest menace to civilization that the world has yet seen." This epigram, originally coined by Charles Dickens to shock the women's clubs, now grows a little elderly. It doesn't really matter (and L. P. would be the first to agree) whether or not America is a menace —like pyorrhea. What does matter is whether it is amusing. Does it minister to what L. P. finely calls "that fortunate state of awareness which alone would seem to justify our existence"? I think it does. And it isn't the artist's business anyhow to worry about civilization, but to turn the life about him, as best he can, to his own gloriously selfish purpose. I think I, as much as the average man, have stifled and stewed and simmered, in private, against the horrors of Americanism; have damned the magnificent and insane comedy of our septic herd-mania; have grunted to see fine lives crushed and mumbled out of shape by the infernal mass pressure of our huge stupidities. But I can also say to myself, if I sit soberly and construe the matter, that I doubt if any other state of affairs would have been any better. Things will be a lot worse a hundred years from now, quite possibly; and I think we're lucky, my masters, to be of our prime just now. I doubt if any time, anywhere, was more potent to thrill the artist. This America looks to me more fertile in humor and horror and gross absurdity than anything else I can think of. The jungle of New York is as thrilling a hunting ground as the Africa Mr. Powys knows. Here too there are the great rhinos to be brought crashing to earth; and the twittering owls and the beaky fowls of bright plumage. And sometimes—trying to defend myself against overpraising this enchanting book—I say to myself that L. P. is a little less than square to the average inhibited and toiling man, who is a good deal of a hero in his way. He drugs himself with mean employ, no doubt; but it *is* a drug. Few, in this complex tissue of living, can justly applaud themselves for such frank "agrarianism" as Mr. Powys winningly calls it.

* * *

Imagination and malice and charm and animal gusto and good crafty prose, these are not common of course; but they can be found often enough by those who know where to look. But the few and fit will read Mr. Powys's testament of paganism with the relish reserved only for the thoroughly immoral and beautiful book. Like all unhealthy men perhaps he overrates the importance of healthy animal capers. (I say, *perhaps* the matter will never be solved.) But he has the greatest gift of all, has it in magnificent Elizabethan richness: something I only know how to describe as the artist's feeling for life. He has the awareness, he is not caught and dragooned by bogus mummery. He is not just a carbon-paper reprint of what someone else told him he ought to believe. I like to see a man getting some fun out of his life, and saying what he thinks. And by heaven I like to see a man who knows how to write, who draws his words from deep soil and old vatted lingo. Powys's English is rooted and sinewy. He knows—and how important it is to know—the perfection of unimportance of some gaudily spotlighted figures in the world of the arts. It sparkles my veins to read this book, it is the work of an honest man. I shall smile to see it praised by the very people who would never have bought his stuff when he was poor and unknown.

* * *

Be careful, Dulcie and Decorum might have said to the dear old idiot on Primrose Hill, be careful how you blow that whistle out here in the sunlight and the grassy air. You'll start up other whistlings in the pinewood covert—the unanswerable trills of Pan.

Christopher Morley.

While Lord Birkenhead (says the *Manchester Guardian*) has been obliged to stop his journalistic activities, he is finding another outlet for his pen. It is permissible for members of the Government to write books, and Lord Birkenhead has several on the stocks. He is now engaged upon, and has nearly finished, a book on Woodrow Wilson, giving a sketch of the President's career and character. He writes from personal knowledge, having seen a good deal of the President during the peace negotiations.

Arthur Coslett Smith, seventy-four, author, is dead. He once was widely known as a short story writer, but ceased writing about twenty years ago to take care of business interests. His best known stories were "The Monk and the Dancer," written in 1900, and "The Turquoise Cup," written in 1903. Both stories were written when he was reputed to be the highest paid author in the world.

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Books of Special Interest

The Eastern Problem

OCCIDENTAL INTERPRETATIONS OF THE FAR EASTERN PROBLEM. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1925. $2.

ORIENTAL INTERPRETATIONS OF THE FAR EASTERN PROBLEM. The same.

Reviewed by CHARLES C. BATCHELDER.

THE lectures printed in this volume were given in the summer of 1925 in the second Institute held at the University of Chicago by the Norman Wait Harris Foundation for the "promotion of a better understanding, on the part of American citizens, of other peoples of the world, thus establishing a basis for improved international relations and a more enlightened world order."

The lectures on "Problems of Present-Day China," by H. G. W. Woodhead, C. B. E., Editor of the *Peking and Tientsin Times*, and of the "China Year Book," form one of the more valuable recent contributions to the understanding of the complicated situation in China. The author is recognized as one of the most reliable and accurate experts on Chinese affairs, and it is rarely that anyone ventures to question any statement of facts made by him. He deals mostly with recent events, covering the riots in Shanghai and Canton of last summer, and endeavors to be impartial in his criticisms both of Chinese and foreign conduct during these regrettable events.

His summing up of Chinese history from 1875 to the present, is admirable, as it brings out clearly the important events which led to the overthrow of the Manchu Empire and the establishment of the Republic, the attempt of Yuan Shih-kai to make himself emperor, and the civil wars between the various generals who have attempted to make themselves masters of different provinces or of Pekin.

The treatment of the subject of extra-territoriality is one of the best in print, as it gives not only the origin and history of this institution, which places foreigners in China under the jurisdiction of the officials of their own country, and not of China, but specific cases of the working of the existing Chinese laws in regard to Chinese and foreigners who no longer enjoy the protection of extra-territoriality, such as Russians. It is only to be regretted that he did not include more instances, such as German cases, but he mentions photographs, which he had, of the butchery by Chinese officials, of over one hundred men, women, and children, and relates instances of the methods of the "Christian General," Feng Yu-hsiang.

The chapter on the foreign relations of China is a model of judicious compression, as Mr. Woodhead explains the history of the limitation by treaties of the customs tariffs of China, and outlines the policy of Japan in Manchuria and of the Bolsheviks, as well as those of France, Great Britain, and the United States. It would be difficult to find anywhere else such a comprehensive and adequate account of the facts which an intelligent person must know to understand what is taking place in China.

⁂

It is to be regretted that Mr. Julean Arnold, American Commercial Attaché in China, did not follow the same plan of giving well documented facts, but decided to devote himself so much to the "potentialities" of "China's Economic Resources." The experts who have made scientific investigations into the natural resources of the country state definitely that the mineral wealth of China has been grossly overestimated, and that it does not seem probable that the coal and iron will be adequate to support a modern, industrial organization. They also disagree with his thesis that the overpopulation of certain districts can be permanently relieved by the building of roads and railroads to develop Manchuria, Mongolia, and Chinese Turkestan. The real difficulties are inability of the Chinese Government to guarantee safety of life and property, and in Mongolia and Turkestan the inadequate rainfall and the barren soils. Mr. Arnold has had a wide acquaintance with China, and when he deals with facts within his own knowledge, he makes many valuable contributions. Certain short passages about Chinese character and customs are gems, and the lecture is fluently written and very readable, even if it contains very little reliable information about economic resources.

The chapter on "The Russians in the Far East,' by Henry Kittredge Norton, former professor of Economics in the University maintained in Pekin by the American portion of the Boxer Indemnities (TsingHua), brings out clearly the economic pressure which causes Russia to seek for an ice-free port on the Pacific, necessarily at the expense of China. The conflict between Russia and Japan which was temporarily terminated by the Peace of Portsmouth, and which replaced Russian control of Southern Manchuria with that of Japan, is apparently being renewed by the Bolsheviks, who have been more successful than the Czars in the imperialistic policies of depriving China of Mongolia and Northern Manchuria. In Mr. Norton's opinion, the Chinese were entirely deceived by the ostentatiously generous policy of renunciation by the Soviets of all rights and privileges in China, as the Russians have, as a matter of fact, surrendered nothing of real value, have gained control of Mongolia and of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and are supporting Feng, while the Japanese are using the Manchurian governor, Chang Tso-lin. He believes that another great war may start between Japan and Russia for the control of Manchuria, and that a most dangerous game of world politics is being played in the Far East.

His presentation of the situation is very interesting, but experts will differ about many of his conclusions, and he is, perhaps, too distrustful of the sincerity and good intentions of the Japanese.

⁂

Count Michimasi Soyeshima's three lectures on "Japan, The Far East, and the United States" form an admirable compliment to Mr. Woodhead's lectures on China, and are equally accurate in statements of fact. The skilful condensation of the political and constitutional history of Japan since 1868 gives most of the information which the American reader cares to know, and contains also the agricultural and industrial conditions which necessarily dominate the domestic and foreign policies of Japan. The rapid increase of population and the lack of natural resources create economic problems which many Japanese feel can be solved only by expansion on the mainland of Asia and by emigration, unless the country is able to follow successfully the British policy of paying for imported food by exports of manufactures. The long struggle between bureaucracy and democracy is clearly depicted with a few telling phrases.

The author is very severe in his criticisms of the imperialistic policies which his country has followed in China, Korea, and Siberia, and apparently believes that the change which has taken place in the last five years is both genuine and necessary for the welfare of Japan and for the peace of the Orient. The Chinese are, however, not yet fully convinced of the permanence of the present programme of "non-interference in the domestic affairs of China, and of merely safeguarding (Japan's) rightful position."

The discussion of the changing American conduct toward Japan presents the Japanese side in a temperate manner, though it does not fail to state clearly the grievances which the Japanese feel that they justly entertain against us. The author feels that Japan is an object of wide foreign misunderstanding, and endeavors to place in a favorable light the character of the Japanese people, and the present intentions of its government.

The three lectures by P. W. Kuo, President of Southeastern University, Nanking, China, on "China, The Far East, and the United States," are able special pleas by a polished and skilled advocate, who tries to make out the best possible case by emphasizing all favorable points, and glossing over the arguments on the other side which he is unable to contradict successfully. Some of the statements upon which he bases his conclusions differ from the accepted authorities, and in certain instances he produces a wrong impression by his choice of words, such as that American trade with China is greater than British, by failing to include goods trans-shipped at Hongkong. He has the usual Chinese tendency to speak of plans which only exist on paper as if they were in actual operation, and to deal in estimates and abstract theories, while avoiding statistics which can be verified.

The study of the recent relations between Japan and China is most instructive, as it gives the Chinese point of view in an attractive manner, though it is marred by unreliable statements like "Japan has unused land within her own confines sufficient to support the growing population for the next half century." This is a matter of arithmetic and not of guess. The accounts of the policies of Russia and Great Britain, and of the Shanghai riots last summer, merit careful consideration by those who desire to weigh both sides of the case. The presentation of the objections to extra-territoriality is excellent, but the reforms in codes and courts which he stresses exist mostly on paper, and the true picture is that given by Mr. Woodhead.

Dr. Kuo is at his best in describing the relations between China and the United States, and his explanation of the "Anti-Christian Education Movement" and of the opposition to Christian Missions deserves the attention of all who are interested in these subjects.

The author had a difficult task, and it is only natural that he should be unwilling, as a patriotic Chinese, to admit the disorganization, backwardness, and misrule, which are known to exist by everyone who has lived in China. He has made the best of his case, and his reasoning makes a strong appeal to the emotions, and would be convincing to most readers who were not thoroughly conversant with the real situation.

Dr. Kuo's contribution to the subject has, nevertheless, very great value as a statement of plans, aims, and aspirations for the future of the intelligent cultivated, and enthusiastic classes, largely composed of foreign-educated students, who are earnestly striving for the reform of the existing abuses, and who will not be satisfied with anything less than securing for China the place in the world which its population, civilization, and resources warrant. His mastery of English and his skill in treating the various subjects cannot fail to command sincere admiration, and the final impression left on the reader is one of sympathy with the Chinese points of view, and of impatience with those who feel that it is not yet safe to free China from the restrictions imposed by the existing treaties.

Why the South Lost

STATE RIGHTS IN THE CONFEDERACY. By FRANK LAWRENCE OWSLEY. *University of Chicago Press. 1925. $2.50.*

Reviewed by CHARLES LEE SNIDER

THERE is a tradition extant throughout the late Confederacy that Our Boys back in the 'sixties wore themselves out whipping the Yankees and were finally overpowered only by overwhelming resources and superior numbers. Countless volumes have been written extolling the heroism of the Confederate soldier and the devotion of the people back home, and in all of these it is generally assumed that if Lee and Jackson had only had a few more men and a few days extra rations, the South might have been made safe for slavery and the doctrine of state rights established forever.

But the truth, according to Dr. Owsley, is far different. Men and resources the South certainly needed, especially in the latter months of the war. But the primary cause of Southern failure, he contends, was due to the attempt of certain Southern leaders to apply the doctrine of state rights to the operations of war-time. Each Confederate state, in a large degree, attempted to conduct its own defense, with the result that the central government was never able to mobilize anything like the South's potential fighting strength.

Dr. Owsley's book is thoroughly documented. For every statement of fact not commonly known he cites unimpeachable authority. Letters from Southern commanders, from state governors, from responsible officials in the Confederate administration, are brought in with telling effect. Dr. Owsley shows that at the beginning of the war the Confederate government had only 190,000 stand of small arms, whereas the state authorities kept for themselves 350,000, resisting all entreaties to give them up. As a result, thousands of volunteers had to be turned away, and the first battles, which might have decided the issue had the Confederacy only mustered its full strength, were fought by an army short of its potential numbers by 200,000 men. After 1861 the shortage in arms was largely remedied, but then the states, instead of pooling all their resources as Lee and Davis desired, began organizing "home guards," which finally degenerated into draft-dodging forces, in which way over 100,000 men were lost to actual military service. In Georgia alone, it is said, there were more able-bodied draft-dodgers in 1864 than that state had furnished to the Confederate government during the entire war. Moreover, Governor Brown lent his moral aid to various forms of skulking. He exempted every imaginable variety of office-holders, including even notaries public, from the draft; he appointed hordes of petty politicians to commands in the state militia; he even went so far as to withold both supplies and men at critical times from the Confederate government, on the sacred principle of state rights. And so did most of his brother governors. As a result, the Confederacy was greatly handicapped in its military operations, was never able to mobilize anything like its potential strength, and finally, as Dr. Owsley puts it, "died of state rights."

Disillusionment

HEAT. By ISA GLENN. New York. Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL MOWBRAY WHEELER
Goucher College

THIS is a very depressing book. A better single word for its title would be, disillusionment. Nothing comes out as either the hero or the reader anticipates. The author's avowed purpose is to picture the effect of the Philippines upon a tenderfoot fresh from the States. But it is incredible that such a sustained, gloomy atmosphere as she has portrayed can be truly characteristic.

Full of optimism and enthusiasm and with the ink still damp upon his West Point diploma, Lieutenant Tom Vernay arrives at Manila. He refuses to believe what he hears about the depressing and sinister influence upon the exotic white man. He interprets the insinuations and hints and veiled threats with which he meets as mere attempts to try the mettle of a newcomer, But he is disillusioned—as everyone else has been, and as anyone who goes to these islands must be, according to the author. Even the patient and dull-minded heroine, Charlotte Carson, cannot escape. She watches, aloofly, while her love for Vernay is trod upon, defiled, and at last destroyed in one revolting, unforgettable disclosure. For Vernay succumbs to the tropics and becomes infatuated with a Spanish girl. He resigns his commission to remove the objections of her father, only to find that she has not taken his attentions seriously and has had her interest diverted. And from this point everything in the story rushes with impetuous speed toward disaster. Sorrow and despair crowd each other through the pages till the last heart-breaking episode.

There are occasional scenes of strong description and characterization which make us wish that Miss Glenn's genius were more sustained as well as more cheerful. For it is certainly not in these individual passages that the writer has failed; in isolated instances she is indubitably accurate and vivid. Her style is clear and forcible, though often startling in the amount of profanity and near-obscenity. We shiver at the reality of her tropical downpours and gasp through her sultry nights, but we seriously question whether this climate is really one unbroken succession of unpleasant phases, as she would have us believe. Round every corner the tropics seem to show their teeth; the weather rarely smiles as we have been told it often does in the South Sea. Her native and Spanish women, though individually inimitable, stretch our credulity somewhat by their invariable unpleasantness in one form or another. In short there is a monotony of malignancy which makes the book seem unreal. We venture to suggest that there never was a locality which did not have at least a few pleasant days, and there surely has rarely, if ever, been such a community as this where all the characters are weak, or vain, or depraved—in some way objectionable. Even the heroine is so slow that she cannot see until too late how she holds the hero's redemption in her hand. We lay the book down with a bad taste in our mouth. So this is Manila! Let's stay away.

Miss Glenn is a pioneer in a setting with which fiction so far has not been on familiar speaking terms. She knows the Philippines, there is no doubt of that, and her book will prove interesting to many for that reason if for no other. But what we cannot help feeling with regret is that she has deliberately massed the shadows for her background, excluding most of the sunshine. It is to be hoped that she is saving the latter for some work to follow.

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Books of Special Interest

A Primitive People

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL SYSTEMS OF CENTRAL POLYNESIA. By ROBERT W. WILLIAMSON. Cambridge: The Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). 1926.

Reviewed by MARGARET MEAD

THERE are few fields of ethnological interest so greatly in need of a systematized treatment as Polynesia. The likenesses in material culture of the Polynesian groups to Indonesia on the west and the Americas on the east have been subjects for much heated controversy. Hypotheses of diffusion have been all the easier to construct because of the sketchy and inexact nature of the evidence. Students of particular ethnic phenomena as well as those scholars of specifically Polynesian problems have been continually misled and baffled by this lack of reliable material. For what information we have is tucked away in memoirs packed with irrelevant observations, sandwiched in between comments on the Captain's health and the Mate's last drinking bout, or carefully concealed in some little known volume of missionary letters. Checking data so inconveniently hidden away was often a matter of months, requiring far more time than the student of other than strictly Polynesian problems could afford to give. For these reasons the announcement of a three-volume work on the "Social and Political System of Central Polynesia" was eagerly welcomed.

To have been useful such a work must have either contributed new information, or if a compilation, presented a summary of the source material in carefully evaluated, well indexed, strictly ordered fashion. If Mr. Williamson had performed either of these tasks, the scientific world would have owed him a debt of real gratitude. But he has not.

True, the work is a compilation. It contains no new data but depends entirely upon earlier published sources. To ransack this great mass of literature was no light task. Mr. Williamson has shown great industry, but little discrimination. It seems almost as if the methodological sections had been written by one person, the illustrations laboriously hunted out by a second, and the conclusions light heartedly drawn up by still a third contributor. For after a most penetrating analysis of the various sources of error inherent in the genealogies which form part of the native tradition, Mr. Williamson proceeds to reconstruct the early history of Polynesia from just such sources. In his retrospects dealing with the past history of the different groups it is impossible to separate fact from myth. The painstaking record of Captain Cook and a chance line in a native song are weighted equally as permissable evidence. Such promiscuous use of every sort of data is not only worthless; it is dangerously misleading. No one, unversed in the bibliography of the area, can hope to evaluate the sources. All the carefully listed footnotes look alike, heavily reliable. And the paraphernalia of cross reference, long lists of points, and meticulously labeled inference completes the picture of a scholarly and dependable work.

Not only is the material presented of such unequal value, but it is not even set forth simply as a series of reports for which some authority, however shady, may be said to vouch. Instead every fact is made evidence, in a special pleading for an involved theory of Polynesian migrations. Migration theories in an area where many groups are entirely unknown, and in which Mr. Williamson excludes two known cultures, the Hawaiian and Maori, from consideration, are manifestly premature and absurd. And when a large array of badly needed facts is skewed and twisted for illustration, such theorizing becomes actually vicious. For example, Mr. Williamson is very much impressed with the traces of a dual organization which he believes he finds in many of the island groups. In the discussion of Tonga (W. Mariner: "The Tonga or Friendly Islands"), although the only reliable published authority specifically lists three noble families, one of these is omitted in Mr. Williamson's account.

There is fortunately available another method of indirectly checking the adequacy of these reconstructions. Since Mr. Williamson's reseaches were completed the Bishop Museum has published two monograms on the Marquesas, the recent work of two trained ethnographers. As Mr. Williamson used for his sections on the Marquesas the same type of source material, and presumably used the same methods of evaluating his evidence as he used in the case of the other groups, it is interesting to see how this discussion of the Marquesan culture checks with these later researches. When such comparison is made, his discussion shows up as an insufficiently digested mass of data, perverted by *a priori* theoretical approaches; as, for example, in his discussion of totemism.

For the lay reader who desires to get a brief picture of the social structure of the Polynesian Islands, Fraser's "The Belief in Immortality and the Worship of the Dead, Volume II: The Belief among the Polynesians," gives a far more accurate and readable account. For the ethnographical scholar in other areas, the book is involved, verbose, and painfully misleading. For the Polynesian scholar it is a little useful, as it sometimes quotes exactly rare books which are difficult to consult. The bibliography is the first extensive bibliography of the subject which has ever been published, but it is not annotated and fails in consequence to deal with one of the most pressing problems of Polynesian bibliography, i. e., to indicate which particular islands are dealt with in books bearing such ambiguous titles as "Notes of a Cruise in H. M. S. 'Fawn' in the Western Pacific in the year 1862," or "Voyage in search of La Perouse." For such information it is necessary to hunt through the footnotes in particular sections of the work, a laborious exercise.

For those who are interested in methods of scientific research, these ponderous volumes offer illuminating illustration of the folly of applying methods of textual analysis suitable to the Higher Criticism to the unwritten tradition of primitive peoples. The complete inanity of balancing evidence contained in orally transmitted record, altered generation by generation to suit a changing native taste in cadence, is delightfully pointed by the following paragraph which is a marvel of inconclusiveness (the italics are mine):

> In Fakaofo (Tokelau Islands) one of the children *apparently* succeeded the father; and it *seems* that this was so in the Ellice Island of Funafuti. In Easter Island the succession to the Miru head chief *appears* to have gone to a son, but *we do not know* who was the *presumed* successor for other people. In Tikopia it went primarily to a son. In Ontong Java it *seems generally* to have gone to collateral relatives.

Westcott as Poet

NATIVES OF ROCK: TWENTY POEMS (1921-22). By GLENWAY WESCOTT. Decorations by PAMELA BIANCO. New York: F. Bianco. 1926. $7.50.

Reviewed by LLOYD MORRIS

MODESTLY, Mr. Wescott explains that he was persuaded to republish these poems by the prospect of seeing them, among Miss Bianco's decorations, in a beautiful book. The poems were composed some five years ago. Since then, Mr. Wescott has come to regard himself as a narrator, and his verse as "worthy of respect, but not remarkably moving." Every one of these poems, he suggests, probably represents "an intense moment in an unwritten narrative."

Mr. Wescott's candor is at once disarming and provocative. The poetic merit of his verse is greater than he has been willing to concede. A number of these poems are notably moving; none is destitute of magic; all are commendable achievements in expression. Austere and exacting in design, they compel by resistance not surrender. They are compact, precise, and firm. Concentration has produced consistent lucidity, occasional incandescence. A characteristic fastidiousness is more than formal, implying authenticity of conception. The best of these poems reconstitute their substance absolutely, and require no collaboration by the reader. There is glamour, but no illusion, in a land of "rose-pink rock harder than light" where "all that is not stone imitates and is above stone." In the best of Mr. Wescott's poems verbal expression, a mediation between reality and the perception of it, effaces itself; this is accomplishment, for transparency not obtrusiveness is the condition of faultless rhetoric.

Mr. Wescott's avowal of narrative and abdication of verse impel one to consider his poems, perhaps unjustly, as prophecy rather than as fulfilment. They illustrate the distinctive qualities of his prose. They reveal a sensibility of exceptional range and subtlety. One is convinced that, were he to exploit indiscriminately the fund of his immediate perceptions, he might produce a baroque art remarkable for its apparent extravagance. Obviously, this is remote from his intention; he deliberately rejects many incidental beauties for one that is significant. At his best, when expression has the attribute of inevitability, the image and its verbal symbol are the product of natural opulence modified by rigorous exclusion. It is because of some hyperæsthesia of the mind, endowing him with perceptions uncommonly numerous and intense, that his art moves so expertly in the process of selection. This endowment exempts him from the usual hazards of exhausted resources and that artificial emphasis which indicates bankruptcy. It imposes, as perhaps his most relevant hazard, an exuberant fertility. He has evaded this hazard by an ascetic discipline in technique. Although capable without effort of an ornate, involute art, his verses indicate that he will accomplish a prose poetic in substance, sensuous and reticent in character. Apart from their intrinsic merit, they are not without value as early hostages to a creative æsthetic.

Miss Bianco's charming designs perform the function of decoration; they are evocations, in another medium, of what they accompany. This slender volume is an admirable example of bookmaking in which every detail of format contributes expediently to an intended effect.

Aerial Photography

BY AIRPLANE TOWARDS THE NORTH POLE. By WALTER MITTELHOLZER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926.

Reviewed by EDWARD P. WARNER

BOTH in title and in name of the author this little work, recently translated from the German, proves somewhat misleading. The title would seem to suggest an account of such an expedition as that on which Captain Wilkins, Lieutenant Byrd, Lieutenant Wade, and others are now bent, but as a matter of fact the story is one of the more prosaic but no less important works of a series of aerial observations and aerial photographic expeditions over Spitzbergen, and Lieutenant Mittelholzer contributes a little less than half of the total amount of text, the remainder coming from other members of the expedition and being largely of a somewhat technical and specialized nature.

Like many another Arctic expedition of the last few years, that for which Lieutenant Mittelholzer was the chief pilot and which took its departure from Hamburg in June, 1923, was terribly hurried in some of its preparations. The haste was a consequence of the original intention of using the facilities of the expedition for a relief party for Amundsen in case he should set out to fly from Alaska to Spitzbergen during that summer and meet with disaster *en route*. Many of the staff had no experience of Arctic travel or of the Arctic climate and no knowledge of the use of skis or snowshoes, and it was as an expert in such matters that Lieutenant Mittelholzer was invited to join the party almost literally at the last minute. In Berlin on other business, he heard of the matter only seven hours before the time when the start would be necessary, and within that brief period had to secure not only his personal equipment, but all the photographic supplies for the expedition as well.

Informed while *en route* to Spitzbergen of Amundsen's abandonment of his plans for a Polar flight, the expedition to which Lieutenant Mittelholzer was attached promptly changed its own program and undertook to devote its energies to surveying the coast and inlet of the still incompletely mapped island to which they were bound.

The photographic work met with admirable success, as proven by the numerous examples given in the book. Unfortunately, it was impossible to do more than make a start, for but three flights were carried out. At the close of the third one an irreparable defect appeared in a magneto, and as no spare ignition apparatus had been brought (in itself a sufficient index of the haste in organization) the expedition terminated then and there, after a total time of only twelve days in Spitzbergen. All of the flying was accomplished within sixty hours' elapsed time.

It is as a story of the development and trial of a method under unusual conditions, rather than for any specifically notable results obtained, that the record of the Spitzbergen expedition of 1923 is important to the average reader. Those who are interested in the technical details of Arctic geography and economics or of aerial survey will profit also by the detailed discussion of the characteristics of Spitzbergen and its history and its people given by Dr. Wegener, and by Professor Miehke's and Captain Boykow's treatments of the problems of the making and interpretation of aerial photographs.

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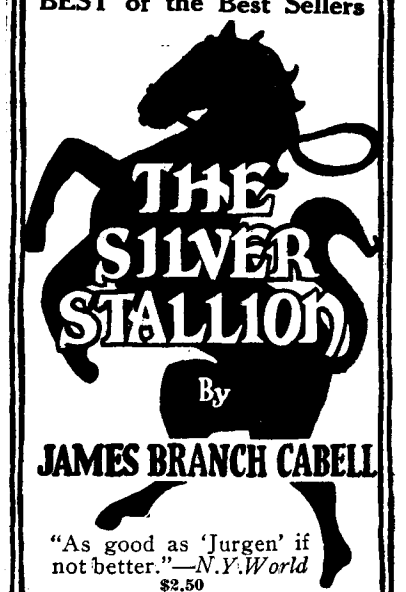

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Literature Abroad

By Ernest Boyd

IN the days of our relative innocence, before the war, it was customary to link together the names of Luigi Pirandello and Luciano Zúccoli as the most important of the "modern" Italian novelists. Since then Pirandello has become widely known, both at home and abroad, not as a novelist, but as a dramatist; Zúccoli, on the other hand, has not added one cubit to his stature, as measured in terms of international publicity. The publishers of "Le Cose Più Grandi di Lui"—"Things Greater than He" (Holt)—announce this novel as the first of his works to appear in English. Alas, it is sixteen years since the enterprising Heinemann tried to enlist English interest in Zúccoli by means of a translation of "La Compagnia della Leggera," under the title of "Light-fingered Gentry." May Messrs. Henry Holt and Company be more tangibly rewarded for their enterprise!

Zúccoli, who was born in 1868, is the author of some twenty-odd volumes of fiction, novels, and short stories, of which the earlier, such as "I Lussouriosi," show the inevitable influence of d'Annunzio. "L'Amore di Loredana" and "Farfui," however, the two novels that made him famous before the war, showed that he had shaken off that influence, even to the point of omitting from the former all the customary poetic descriptions of Venice, although that city is the setting for a passionate story of free love. "Farfui" is a unique study of adultery.

The latest book of Zúccoli's is "Il Peccato e le Tentazioni," an entertaining series of dissertations on the seven deadly sins, which might well serve as a general description for the many volumes of graceful, diverting, short stories which make the author a rival of Panzini's in this field of light, ironical fiction, dealing chiefly with the weaknesses of women and the stupidities of men. "Things Greater than He," however, is an exception both to the short stories, in general, and the novels, in particular, which preceded it. "Donne e Fanciulle" is the characteristic title of one of Zúccoli's collections of stories, for the psychology of "women and children" has always attracted him, and the autobiographical notes of "L'Occhio del Fanciullo" were a preparation for the study of adolescence which he has now given us. Giorgio Astori, who is crushed by "things greater than he," is a hypersensitive, imaginative boy, searching in vain for sympathy and understanding, for some fixed point in a chaotic world. His dreams clash with the realities of the bourgeois life about him and he dies of grief when his deepest illusion is destroyed.

Luciano Zúccoli has that Latin realism which, if it is not always a blessing, does, at least, save such studies as these from that dreadful "wistfulness" inseparable from most evocations of childhood at the hands of the more sentimental Northern European races. To tell in outline the main incidents of this story would be to suggest at once to our Anglo-Teutonic sentimentality all the mawkishness which is the penalty we pay in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred for the possession of an imaginative quality, vaguely known as "romantic," peculiar to our literatures. "Things Greater than He" is not the work of an Italian J. M. Barrie, for which reason I recommend it to anyone who cared for "L'Aube" of Romain Rolland or "Les Thibault" of Roger Martin du Gard. It is a story of adolescence which intelligent adults can read without loss of self-respect.

So far as I know, we have not heard anything over here yet of the author whom James Joyce and Valery Larbaud, supported by Benjamin Crémieux, have been trying to present to a reluctant Italian public. The writer in question is known by the pseudonym of Italo Svevo; he is a native of Trieste, and a business man of sixty-four years of age. In 1893 he published a novel called "Una Vita," and in 1898 another, entitled "Senilità," which were ignored completely in Italy, but "Una Vita" was praised by the German novelist, Paul Heyse. Twenty-five years later the author published at his own expense a third novel, "La Coscienza di Zeno," which is the only book of his in print to satisfy the curiosity aroused by James Joyce's discovery of a writer whom he regards as a neglected genius. Before coming to that book, I will let M. Crémieux be heard on the subject of its predecessors.

"Written in the middle of the period of Naturalism, 'Una Vita' might, strictly speaking, be called a Naturalistic novel. It is, in fact, the simple story of a young countryman who leaves his village to become a bank clerk in Trieste, falls in love with his chief's daughter, and ends by committing suicide. But it would be more correct to say that it is a Flaubertian novel. The tragedy of this insignificant little clerk, eager for knowledge, for glory, for love, lies half way between the subject of 'L'Education Sentimentale' and that of 'Madame Bovary.' Svevo has put into his first book a 'Monsieur Bovary.'

"The first great merit of Svevo is precisely that of creating a type which is not without a certain affinity to Charlie Chaplin. The Trieste Charlie whom Svevo introduces under the name of Alfonso or Zeno, has the same inexhaustible good will, the same aspiration after wisdom and heroism as the Charlie of the films, and, like him, he displays endless ingenuity and intelligence in overcoming the smallest obstacles, and with the same naïveté he fails in everything he undertakes. How Alfonso in 'Una Vita' exerts himself to impress the daughter of Maller, the banker, to arouse her sympathy, and how calmly destiny mocks him, and reduces him to despair! The hero of 'Senilità,' a rich bachelor, who lives with his sister and dreams of love, is similarly buffetted by the irony of life. A young adventuress uses him as a plaything, but not as a play-fellow."

In both these novels, obviously, the subject is slight and commonplace, in accordance with the old Naturalistic formula. What rejoices MM. Larbaud, Crémieux, and Joyce is that in each case the protagonists "analyze their successive states of mind with a precision and a wealth of detail previously unknown in Italian fiction. . . . The analysis plunges into life and is merged in it. We do not see the spectacle of the hero's life as he sees it, but in connection with the slightest actions we are shown his entire psychological existence." It is, however, in "La Coscienza di Zeno," according to Benjamin Crémieux, that "Svevo achieves perfection as an analyst and a humorist. In this work Svevo sometimes reminds one of Proust in the inexhaustible density of his analysis."

With Proust the book assuredly has one obvious point in common: it consists of over five hundred closely printed pages, in which analysis takes the place of action and conversation. It is the autobiography of a wealthy hypochondriac, who writes the story of his own life at the request of a doctor, who is trying to cure him by psychoanalysis. Thus a whole chapter is given over to an account of Zeno's attempts to stop smoking cigarettes. In another, Zeno deceives his wife, without prejudice to his affection for her, and is thereby inspired to love her. There is even a chapter of analysis of psycho-analysis. Svevo is undoubtedly one of the Proustian elect, and the Italians are exhorted to admire him and to congratulate themselves on "the first analytical novelist in modern Italy." As Valery Larbaud said in writing of James Joyce's obscure Dublin types, so Benjamin Crémieux says of Svevo's obscure citizens of Trieste, that "they fit into European literature" as naturally as Hardy's Wessex peasants and "Dostoevsky's Muscovites."

In "La Fiera Letteraria" there is a comment upon M. Crémieux and his friends which interests me because it follows exactly the line of Irish criticism when it was announced in the same quarter that James Joyce had put Ireland on the literary map of Europe. It is also a comment of general application when these discoveries are exaggerated into a downright distortion of perspective in literary history.

"We do not envy him the discovery of which he and his distinguished friends boast. . . . In the first place, because we do not contest anybody's right to make similar literary discoveries, which at best can be entered in the ledger by way of compensation for the many, long, and tenacious silences which foreigners maintain on the subject of whole continents, and islands, great and small, long since discovered in our literature by ourselves or others. No Italian reader or critic could have discovered in Italo Svevo the great merits and that extraordinary originality which Crémieux and his friends recognized from afar. For us the definition of 'analyst' has neither the significance nor the importance which it may possibly have in France, where criticism had to invent it to fit Marcel Proust, his disciples and imitators."

*This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Boyd to be run regularly on the first Saturday of every month.

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A Letter from Boston

By Dale Warren

I REMEMBER an English publisher telling me not long ago that all English books emanated from London. By the same token, he thought that all American books of consequence bore the New York mark on their title pages. He was surprised when I cited a few conspicuous exceptions.

New England may have had her literary heyday when Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Louisa Alcott wrote in quiet Concord and, in leisurely style, carried their manuscripts into Boston to be published. None of us in this region of the Watch and Ward Society dispute the fact that New York is the center of publishing activity in America; we do feel, however, that Boston is still marked by a good-sized dot on the literary map, and we do not listen kindly to talk of the alleged decadence of New England in literature.

Take the Pulitzer Awards, for example. New England claims three of the five awards made this year. Amy Lowell was, by tradition, inheritance, and residence, a Bostonian. Furthermore, her volume of poetry, "What's o'Clock," which won the poetry award, was published in Boston. Edward Channing, who received the history prize for his "War for Southern Independence," was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, graduated from Harvard, took his Ph.D. at Harvard, and has been on the Harvard Faculty since 1883. Dr. Harvey Cushing, winner of the biography award for his "Life of Sir William Osler," is connected with the Harvard Medical School and a leading Boston hospital. "Craig's Wife," by George Kelly, which took the drama prize, was, incidentally, published in Boston.

It may not be amiss at this point to glance at the past Pulitzer Awards. In history there have been nine awards and New England has won four of them. These were bestowed upon James Ford Rhodes, Justin Harvey Smith, Charles Warren, and Professor Channing. In biography there have been ten awards and New England has won five. The winners, in addition to Dr. Cushing, were M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Laura E. Richards and Maude Howe Elliott for the biography of their mother, Julia Ward Howe, Henry Adams, and Burton J. Hendrick, born in New Haven and educated at Yale. Out of the five poetry awards, New England can fairly be said to claim all, through Miss Lowell, Robert Frost, Edwin Arlington Robinson (two awards), and Edna St. Vincent Millay, a native of Maine.

So New England keeps her head high, and her publishers do not all think of moving to New York. Nor are "best-sellers" from Boston unheard of. "Scaramouche," "The Little Franch Girl," and "Soundings" are far from forgotten, and this year comes Sylvia Thompson's "Hounds of Spring," published as an Atlantic Monthly Press publication, by Little, Brown & Company, and prominently displayed in their Beacon Street windows. The book is now in its fortieth thousand. Miss Thompson is the young English girl who timidly said to Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, on his last trip to Europe: "You wouldn't read half a novel, would you?" Mr. Sedgwick replied that he would, and read the first portion of Miss Thompson's manuscript on the trip home. He lost little time in calling for the other half, and the rest is familiar history.

Miss Thompson's fearless and direct method of approach, coupled with the amazing maturity of outlook shown in her story of war-torn England, won to her side both critics and readers in a very short space of time. Contrary to the prevailing opinion, "The Hounds of Spring" is not Miss Thompson's first novel, although she is only twenty-three. Her earlier "Rough Crossing" —not from Calais to Dover but from childhood through adolescence—was published by Houghton Mifflin in 1924. It was written while she was still a student at Cheltenham.

"The Intimate Papers of Colonel House" and Claude G. Bowers's "Jefferson and Hamilton" are two other Boston books which this year have climbed into the "best-seller" class, not to mention the always reliable Fannie Farmer's "Boston Cooking School Book."

As for "well-made" books, Boston can also claim a share of these. Of the "Fifty Books of the Year" selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts on the basis of design and craftsmanshiup, eleven were published in Boston. Four were brought out by the Harvard University Press, three are on the Little, Brown list, and the others are divided among the University Press, the Merrymount Press, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and the Club of Odd Volumes. The Yale University Press and the E. L. Hildreth Company of Brattleboro, Vermont, also received recognition.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has recently made known the details of its $10,000 contest for the best novel submitted before February 15, 1927. Few similar contests announced within recent years are capable of broader interpretation. There are no limitations imposed on the character of the novel submitted except that it be long enough to deserve publication as a full-length novel and be written in English. The interest which the story arouses in the reader will be the sole criterion of judgment. The winning novel will be serialized in the *Atlantic Monthly* and subsequently published as an Atlantic Monthly Press publication by Little, Brown & Company.

Another contest of interest to writers is the $2,000 prize competition announced by Little, Brown for a story for boys and girls for inclusion in the series known as "The Beacon Hill Bookshelf." The high standard of the series is set by Louisa Alcott's "Little Women," which recently underwent translation into Chinese.

Book-Talks are becoming increasingly popular in Boston. During the past winter there have been lectures and informal talks about books and authors sponsored by the Boston Authors Club, the Bookshop for Boys and Girls, the Book Department of Jordan, Marsh & Company, William's Bookstore, the Boston Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, and the Marjory Knapp Bookshop. Henry Beston, Caroline Ticknor, Mary Caroline Crawford, Robert Hillyer, Allen Chamberlain, and John Clair Minot, literary editor of the Boston *Herald*, have been in demand as speakers.

The Boston Authors Club is now re-established at 3 Joy Street in attractive rooms presided over by a very lifelike photograph of its first president, Julia Ward Howe. Frederick Orin Bartlett, Abbie Farwell Brown, Basil King, Dallas Lore Sharp, Olive Higgins Prouty, Alice Brown, John Gallishaw, editor of *The Writer*, and Nathan Haskell Dole are some of its more active members.

Simmons College started its new school of bookselling this spring with successful results. The list of lecturers included Richard Fuller of the Old Corner Bookstore, Marion Dodd of the Hampshire Bookstore, Northampton; Marion Cutter of the Children's Bookshop, New York; Mae Massee of Doubleday, Page & Co.; Frederick G. Melcher, editor of the *Publishers' Weekly*, and Bertha Mahoney of the Bookshop for Boys and Girls.

With the publication by Houghton Mifflin on April 16th, of "O Genteel Lady," a new Boston author wrote her name in capital letters. In this vigorous and refreshing period novel of the Boston of the 1850s, Esther Forbes revealed a distinctiveness of style and an application of the principles of novel structure which marked her immediately as worthy of first consideration. The daughter of a prominent judge of Worcester, Massachusetts, Miss Forbes has steeped herself in the New England tradition which she recreates with a commingling of sympathy and satire in her story of the hoopskirt era. Her first serious literary attempt, a short story written while an undergraduate at the University of Wisconsin, appeared in the *Grinnell Review*, and was later selected by the O. Henry Memorial Award Committee for inclusion in the "Prize Stories of 1920." At the present time Miss Forbes is writing short stories before undertaking her next full-length novel.

Another Boston book, in origin as well as in subject matter, is Caroline Ticknor's "Classic Concord," which appeared this year in the anniversary of the battle of Lexington and Concord. In editing the Concord writings of Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, and the Alcotts, Miss Ticknor has added brief yet definite biographical sketches written in the style of her earlier "Glimpses of Authors." Mrs. Larz Anderson has just published "Under the Black Horse Flag," an account of the old sea-faring days which she has based chiefly on material from ships' logs and family annals. Other recent books by Boston authors include "Abraham Mitrie Rihbany's "Seven Days with God," Francis Bardwell's "The Adventure of Old Age," Lewis R. Wells' "Industrial History of the United States," William Dana Orcutt's "Writer's Desk Book," Gamaliel Bradford's "A Naturalist of Souls," and Ellery H. Clarke's "Carib Gold." Rumor has it that the Boston Public Library has just put in twenty-nine copies of the latter. Doris Halman, whose motor romance, "Honk," is this minute filling the windows of DeWolfe and Fiske's Bookstore on Park Street, was a Boston resident in the days when she worked with Professor Baker at the 47 Workshop. Cameron Rogers, author of the Whitman biography, "The Magnificent Idler," is another erstwhile Bostonian. He graduated from Harvard in 1923.

John P. Marquard has been living in Cambridge this winter and attending occasional meetings of the Boston Authors Club. Stockbridge claims him in the summer. Elliot Paul has temporarily forsaken Beacon Hill for Paris. Abbie Farwell Brown is spending the summer in Framingham, Massachusetts, and Sarah Ware Bassett has left Boston for her summer home in Princeton. She will later go to Edinburgh and plans to spend the month of October in Cornwall and Devon. Esther Forbes sails on June 19th. Archibald MacLeish, the Boston poet and lawyer, has gone to Persia on an errand for the League of Nations. Demetra Vaka and her husband, Kenneth Brown, are temporarily sojourning in these parts *en route* to their house at Dublin, New Hampshire. They are the guests of Lillie Buffum Chace Wyman at Newtonville. Eleanor Rowland Wembridge, the Cleveland psychologist, author of the recntly published "Other People's Daughters," has come on to fulfil a lecture engagement.

Visiting authors have a reputation of gravitating towards Lauriat's Bookstore on Washington Street. Gilbert Frankau, however, was discovered autographing copies of "Masterson" at DeWolfe and Fiske's, and we understand that Christopher Morley always goes back to familiar territory at the Old Corner. Butterfield, the Bromfield Street bookseller, has enlarged his shop, but has retained its charm by keeping it all underground. Smith and McCance have newly painted their entrance on Ashburton Place and have a very up-to-date appearance. Boston bookstores are in the spotlight these days, as the Boston *Transcript* has lately inaugurated a new semi-weekly department, "Bookstall Gossip," conducted by Dorothy Foster Gilman, whose interviews and critical work are a regular feature of the Wednesday and Saturday editions. Another Boston reviewer, Dorothea Lawrence Mann, is frequently seen visiting the bookstores and publishers. She puts the books that she collects, as well as groceries, into a large velvet bag, and when it is full, goes home to Malden and gets to work. John Macy used to say to her: "Why don't you get a wheelbarrow?"

New Boston bookshops are the First Fellowship Bookshop and Lending Library at 6 Byron Street, and the Personal Bookshop on Newbury Street. Geraldine Gordon, who has for some years been identified with bookselling in Boston and Peterborough, New Hampshire, is now manager of the Hathaway House Bookshop, the coöperative bookstore at Wellesley. Ginn & Company are adding a wing to their Cambridge building.

Fall books are already beginning to loom on the horizon. Little, Brown will publish in August "Portia Marries," a first novel by Jeannette Phillips Gibbs, the wife of the author, Hamilton Gibbs. Before her marriage, Mrs. Gibbs lived in Lynn, Massachusetts. She was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar in 1918 and practised law in Boston for two years and a half. The following month Mr. Gibbs's new novel, "Labels," will appear, and shortly thereafter Larry Barretto's "Walls of Glass." The same publishers are planning to reissue Grant Allen's "The Woman Who Did," a novel which scandalized the Bostonians of 1895, when it first appeared.

Houghton Mifflin will bring out a new edition of Willa Cather's "My Antonia" and will shortly announce a novel, "Powdered Ashes," by Theodate Geoffery, whose "Immigrant in Japan" was published this winter. Their fall list also includes a romance based on the life of Heinrich Heine by Ludwig Diehl, and a volume of Reminiscences by Bishop Lawrence. Viscount Grey's "Fallodon Papers" and Clemenceau's "Demosthenes," translated from the French, originally announced for Spring publication, have been delayed until the Fall. Small, Maynard will bring out a two volume biography of Shelley by Professor Walter Peck of Wesleyan University, and the Marshall Jones Company announce several new volumes in the series, "Our Debt to Greece and Rome."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Belles Lettres

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY. By *Charles Downing Lay*. Duffield. $1 net.

A BUCOLIC ATTITUDE. By *Walter Prichard Eaton*. Duffield.

FRENCH STUDIES AND REVIEWS. By *Richard Aldington*. Dial. $2.50.

THE ABUNDANT LIFE. By *Benjamin Ide Wheeler*. University of California Press.

EDITORIALS. By *Lafcadio Hearn*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

THE VERDICT OF BRIDGLEGOOSE. By *Llewelyn Powys*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

EUGENICS AND POLITICS. By *Ferdinand Canning Scott Schiller*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION? By *Maurice Maeterlinck, Dhan Gopal Mukerji, and others*. Duffield. $2.50.

Biography

REVOLUTIONARY DAYS. By *Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Speransky*. Scribners. $3.

BENVENUTO CELLINI: His Autobiography. Translated by *John Addington Symonds*. Scribners. $2.50.

IN DARKEST LONDON. By *Mrs. Cecil Chesterton*. Macmillan.

MAPE. By *André Maurois*. Appleton. $2.50.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH POETS. By *Samuel Johnson*. (Everyman's Library). 2 vols. Dutton. 80 cents each.

THE RISE AND FALL OF JESSE JAMES. By *Robertus Love*. Putnam. $2.75.

Drama

ONE-ACT PLAYS OF TODAY. Second Series. By *J. W. Marriott*. Small, Maynard. $2 net.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM. By *Arthur Murphy*. Oxford University Press. 35 cents.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF ERRORS. Edited by *Clarence Stratton*. Allyn & Bacon. 60 cents.

THE PRACTICAL THEATRE. By *Frank Shay*. Appleton. $1.50.

ALEXANDER AND THREE SMALL PLAYS. By *Lord Dunsany*. Putnams. $1.75.

Education

POETRY FOR JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOLS. Books I and II. Edited by *Elias Lieberman*. Scribners. 92 cents each.

STORIES FOR JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOLS. Edited by *William Rabenoit*. Scribners. 92 cents.

SHORT STORIES OF ENGLISH COURSES. By *Rosa M. R. Mikels*. Books I and II. Scribners. 80 cents each.

ALEXANDER DUMAS, PERE HENRI III, ET SA COUR. Edited by *Maurice Baudin* and *Edgar Ewing Brandon*. Oxford University Press. 95 cents.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES. By *Elmer Harrison Wilds*. Century. $2.

CENTURY READINGS FOR A COURSE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by *Fred Lewis Pattie*. Century. $3.50.

EVOLUTION. By *J. Graham Kerr*. Macmillan.

FINDING THE RIGHT TEACHING POSITION. By *Harlan C. Hines*. Scribners. $1.60.

Fiction

YE WHO JUDGE. By HELEN R. MARTIN. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $2.

Mrs. Martin's latest novel does not reach the level of her most enjoyable work, but does not fall far enough below it to disappoint her well-established audience. Its background is the familiar region of the Pennsylvania Dutch, but its chief characters are not in this case drawn from them. Rather it concerns an Episcopal bishop in his early thirties, and the step-daughter of his uncle, the preceding bishop. At the beginning Peter Ammerman is strongly prejudiced against the girl, but it is the *raison d'être* of the three hundred pages which follow to dispel this prejudice. This they do readably and pleasantly; and Mrs. Martin saves her obvious and timeworn plot from disaster by her gift of humor and her ability at dialogue. Penny Lee, the heroine, has enough pertness and animation to tide over the lumbering excellencies of the hero. The title itself has so little bearing on the story, that one can only suppose it an apostrophe to the readers of the book, and in particular to the reviewers.

EVA AND THE DERELICT BOAT. By FRANZ MOLNAR. Translated from the Hungarian by EMIL LENGYEL. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $2.50.

It is difficult to suggest the precise flavor of these two delicately wrought novelettes by the author of "Liliom," but it is safe to predict that discriminating readers of Chekhov and Katharine Mansfield will find in them a not unfamiliar satisfaction. Here, too, are situations rich in emotional overtones and a taut technique that concentrates upon the significant and prevents the universal from seeming commonplace.

In "The Derelict Boat," the subtler of the two tales, a very young girl, little more than a child in years but unusually sensitive and mature intellectually for her age, falls in love with a man old enough—and morally lax enough—to court her fascinating mother. Molnar traces the successive stages of poor Pirko's infatuation, her fool's progress from illusion to disillusion, with such admirable restraint, such wise objectivity, that only upon reflection does one realize how deeply he has penetrated his theme.

The other story is more ambitious in design. Eva, a light lady of Budapest, recently divorced, decides to escape from the impending ostracism of the capital by visiting an elderly relative who directs operations in a remote and desolate mining village of the Slovakian mountains. This village, except for the negligible peasant population and two colorless household drudges, is womanless. The thoughts, emotions, and actions generated among the young officials of the mine by Eva's coming, the wake of tragedy and disaster that she leaves behind when she goes, these make up the tale. The pattern may seem a trifle obvious, but it is all etched in dry-point with never a touch of the burin.

The translation is in general smooth and only here and there does an un-English word or turn of phrase drop a sudden veil between reader and author.

FLECKER'S MAGIC. By NORMAN H. MATSON. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

Mr. Matson has written a novel which is a little more than thinly amusing. One short chapter of undiluted satire offers very lively diversion. In this passage the philosophical witch who starts the plot moving, partially compensates for pages of dull, abstruse reasoning, by her description of the "Sacrifice of Fords" and the ceremony connected with "standardized suicide for the obscure."

Her theory of inverted evolution is also much to her credit. "A jelly fish turned into Napoleon because he wanted to?" she asks. "My hind leg! A man turned into a jelly fish precisely because he wanted to—because he did not want to think nor talk nor walk nor work."

The story of the American art student in Paris and his affair with the magic-ring bearing midinette is gayly told. The authenticity of this picture of contemporary life in the Latin quarter will be wistfully recognized by all who have dreamed through a sunny afternoon by the side of the Medici fountain.

FLAPPER ANNE. By CORRA HARRIS. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

It is apparent that Mrs. Harris is properly horrified by the depravity of her prize chicken; in fact so appalled is she by Anne's devilishness that her novel becomes in great part a pious and impassioned lecture upon the younger generation's iniquity. Anne, as the composite type of all her sisters, is graphically conceived, a distinct, not far over-done creation; her simple and naturally more appealing grandmother is drawn with corresponding skill, but the remainder of the characters of the fable, though readily recognizable, are left dimly in the background. Most of us are too hardened in actual waywardness and sin to mistake the frisky diversions of Anne's boy and girl companions for the direct road to perdition. We have known any number of their like—they perform fancy steps on thin ice above shallow water—and not one of them has yet been fatally submerged. Mrs. Harris, except for hysterically wringing her hands over the spectacle, has written an entertaining and, as Anne's grandmother might say, an excellent story.

THE SHOALS OF HONOR. By ELIZABETH SANXAY HOLDING. Dutton. 1926. $2.

This tale goes in heavily both for characters and plot. The latter concerns itself with a young man whose only work in life is the avoidance of work. Nature having done her bit in the way of making him gratifyingly handsome with a pleasing appeal to women,—middle-aged ones with money not excepted,—he is able to carry on very successfully in the luxury to which he has accustomed himself. It is love that at last opens his eyes to his real position in the body politic, and after a little false manœuvring he finally steers clear of the

(*Continued on next page*)

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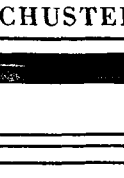

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

shoals of honor and all is well. But in the meantime all sorts of things have happened to all sorts of people. If it's a story you want, you will find it here.

THE NUMBER ONE BOY. By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE. Appleton. 1926. $1.75.

Peking during the Boxer rebellion is the scene of Mr. Foote's novel. The four chief characters are a hard-boiled, elderly officer of the American army; his young wife; a sympathetic officer, also young; and Chang Foo Low, by profession a Buddhist priest, but in the lovers' extremity *deus ex machina* in the form of the number one boy (head servant) for the elderly officer. Throughout the narrative there is much nonsense about reincarnation, atonement for sins of past existences, mental telepathy, and a sort of long-distance hypnotism. All of this supernaturalism lacks credibility; it is too clumsy and shallow to be persuasive. In vain we look for genuine character, although the Chinese wonder-worker, in spite of his conventionality, could have been made a figure of power by a capable story-teller. The plot is generally weak; its amiable superficiality, coupled with a certain ease in Mr. Foote's manner, may, nevertheless, soothe the resentment of the mildly critical. Discriminating readers will find that the novel has little, if anything, to offer them.

DEMIGODS. By JOHN BIGGS, JR. Scribners. 1926. $2.

A fantastic tale this, compounded of many things including not a little madness. The first part—and the best—concerns Hosea Gault, a Dunkard prophet who, after the manner of many earlier American prophets, leads his followers out of one wilderness into another. The wanderings and adventures of this man—great of girth, heavy of fist, "a reddened colossus"—his dreams, his thunderings, the building of his temple in the land of his choosing, these seem well nigh authentic. And the saga of Hosea is told in a cadenced and biblically colored prose admirably suited to the theme.

Unfortunately this artistically heightened language is not abandoned in the latter and longer portion of the book. Together with a pseudo-Meredithian use of epigram—pretentious, inadequate epigram—it discrepantly jazzes the tale of Hosea's son John and reduces it to cacophonous absurdity. For John, unlike his father, was not all of a piece, was indeed a crazy patchwork of pieces, part prophet, part charlatan, potent, vain, and wholly grotesque in his elephantine swaddlings of flesh. We follow him from the Dunkard settlement, which he leaves in rags, to the days of his gorgeous blossoming in Delaware when, owner of many newspapers and candidate for governor, he overreaches himself. We last see him, again in rags, returning "to the earth that was his strength" and testing his vision in the burning fiery furnace from which his God does not deliver him.

A less flamboyant manner might have made John Gault credible. After all, even more eccentric mountebanks have dreamed and strutted among us. To have made him significant would have required—shall we say, a sense of humor?

THE YEAR OF THE WOOD DRAGON. By *Achmed Abdullah*. Brentanos. $2.

THE LUCKY PRISONER. By *Count Gobineau*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

GREEN INK. By *J. S. Fletcher*. Small, Maynard. $2 net.

GIRL OR BOY. By *John North*. Small, Maynard. $2 net.

THE BEST LOVE STORIES OF 1925. Edited by *Muriel Miller Humphrey*. Small, Maynard. $2 net.

JORGENSEN. By *Tristram Tupper*. Lippincott. $2.

WASHINGTON SQUARE. By *Henry James*. A. & C. Boni. $1.25.

THE TERRIBLE PEOPLE. By *Edgar Wallace*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

RICHARD, MYRTLE AND I. By *Stephen Hudson*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

ROPES OF SAND. By *Rose L. Ellerbe*. Hollywood, Calif.: David Graham Rischer.

SPRING SOWING. By *Liam O'Flaherty*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

THE THREE STUDENTS. By *Haldine Macfall*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

CO-ED. By *Olive Deane Hormoel*. Scribners. $2.

TALL TALES. By *Percy Mackaye*. Doran. $2.50 net.

THE NINTH THERMIDOR. By *M. A. Aldanov*. Knopf.

THE SILVER FOREST. By *Bon Ames Williams*. Dutton. $2.

MANTRAP. By *Sinclair Lewis*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

UNCONQUERED. By *Maud Diver*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

DESMOND'S DAUGHTER. By *Maud Diver*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE FOUR WINDS. By *Sinclair Gluck*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

GRANITE. By *Thomas Quinn*. Vinal. $2.

IXION IN HEAVEN. By *Benjamin Disraeli*. Holt. $1.75.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. THE MERRY MEN. By *Robert Louis Stevenson*. 80 cents.

THE WORM OUROBOROS. By *E. R. Eddison*. A. & C. Boni. $3.

AS A MAN SOWS. By *Grace Denio Litchfield*. Putnam. $2.

Foreign

JEFFERSON ET LES IDÉALOGUES, d'après Sa Correspondence Inédite avec Destutt de Tracy, Cabanis, J-B Say et Auguste Comte. Par GILBERT CHINNARD. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 1926. $2.

The period in Jefferson's career which probably has most interest for the general reader of the present day is that of his four years' residence in Europe, and unfortunately that is the period which has hitherto been most neglected by historians, and about which least is known. It presents a rich and fascinating field for study. This book, it is to be hoped, marks a beginning of something being done with it. Professor Chinnard has pretty well confined himself to the publication of documents, and his work does not pretend to answer any of the questions that a layman would wish to ask. It is spade-work of the kind which those who write for another type of reader will use and be grateful for. Its highest mission would be to stir up some able literary man to undertake a thorough study of Jefferson's life in Europe and make a first-rate volume of it.

Books of Special Interest—

History

PROGRESS AND THE PAST. By GEORGE FREDERICK WATES. Oxford University Press. 1926. $1.75.

This is an exhilarating and stimulating résumé of western culture history, written with breadth, sanity, insight, and in a most engaging manner. Mr. Wates goes racing along, hitting only the high points but hiting them hard. His seven-leagued boots, however, are hardly justified in stepping over the mediæval civilization of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries without notice or in finally halting abruptly, discouraged, before the barricades of 1848. The final chapter dealing with "The Evolution of New Japan," in a work which consists only of ten chapters all told, may seem to give a disproportionate importance to the movement of which it treats, and yet the civilized way in which feudalism was disposed of in Japan as contrasted with the savagery of the French revolutionists is thus used to point a moral as to oriental and occidental manners which it would be particularly well for American jingoists to ponder. Mr. Wates maintains, very sensibly, that the line of progress is neither straight nor spiral but a zigzag; as to whether the immediate present is a zig or a zag he offers no opinion.

THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR. By *Harry Elmer Barnes*. Knopf.

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By *Sir Bernard Pares*. Knopf. $6 net.

THE BENEDICTINES. By *Edouard Schneider*. Greenberg. $2.

THE WAR PERIOD OF AMERICAN FINANCE. By *Alexander D. Noyes*. Putnam. $2.50.

THE LAST FIFTY YEARS IN NEW YORK. By *Henry Collins Brown*. New York: Brown.

THE POPE. By *Jean Carrère*. Holt. $3.50.

BABYLONIAN LIFE AND HISTORY. By *Sir E. A. Wallis Budge*. Revell. $3.75.

OXFORD STUDIES IN SOCIAL AN LEGAL HISTORY. Edited by *Sir Paul Vinogradaff*. Vol. VIII. Studies in the Period of Baronial Reform and Rebellion, 1258-1267. By *E. F. Jacob*. Oxford University Press. $7.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION CONSIDERED AS A SOCIAL MOVEMENT. By *J. Franklin Jameson*. Princeton University Press. $1.50 net.

ORIGINS OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE. By *Archibald Cary Coolidge*. New Edition. Scribners. $1.75.

IMPERIAL ROME. By *Martin P. Nilsson*. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

HISTORY OF THE MISSISSIPPI. By *Dunbar Rowland*. Chicago-Jackson. The S. J. Clarke Publishing Co. 2 vols.

ENGLAND AND THE WORLD. By *F. S. Marvin*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

Juvenile

A LITTLE CAPTIVE LAD. By BEULAH MARIE DIX. Macmillan. 1926. $1.75.

This excellent juvenile romance of Cavalier and Roundhead England, for children from eight to ten, is a welcome reissue of a tale first published over twenty years ago. Little Gervase Darrell, his friend, the stalwart Cavalier, Captain Jack Careless, are the heroes, with Gervase's elder half-brother, Henry, at first feared and hated by them, later becoming the protector and trusted comrade of them both. Into the exciting imaginary incidents are blended the life and background of seventeenth century England, with vivid and instructive glimpses of history.

TOPSY TURVY TALES. By *Mildred Batchelder*. Scribners. $1.60.

SCHOOL KEEPS TO-DAY. By *Margaret Ashmun*. Macmillan. $1.75.

CORRESPONDENCE OF DESCARTES AND CONSTANTIN HUYGENS. Edited by *Leon Roth*. Oxford University Press. $14.

FOLLOWERS OF THE TRAIL. By *Zoe Meyer*. Little, Brown. $1.50.

PEMROSE LORRY, TORCH BEARER. By *Isabel Hornibrook*. Little, Brown. $1.75.

CHILDREN OF ANCIENT EGYPT. By *L. Lamprey*. Little, Brown. $1.50

THE HEALTH GUARD BROWNIES. By *Nathalie F. Moulton*. Little, Brown. $1.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE. Translated and Abridged by *Dominick Daly*. Macmillan. $1.75.

THE MIDDLE COUNTRY. By *Olivia Price*. Yonkers: World Book Co. $1.

THE WAR EAGLE. By *Elmer Russell Gregor*. Appleton. $1.75.

UNCLE SAM'S SAILORS. By *Fitzhugh Green*. Appleton. $2.

THE YOUNG FOLK'S BOOK OF INVENTIONS. By *T. C. Bridges*. Little, Brown. $2.

DAVY WINKLE IN CIRCUSLAND. By *Edwin P. Norwood*. Little, Brown. $1.75.

Miscellaneous

THE HEALING GODS OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATION. By WALTER ADDISON JAYNE, M.D. Yale University Press. 1925. $5.

Gods, outworn and discredited, anciently related to the beginnings of the healing art, Gods of Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, and the pagan Semites, Gods of India, Iran, Greece, and Rome, inspirers of occult practices and ineffable mysteries, these are the tutelary ones, their names literally legion, to whom Dr. Jayne would introduce us. Here is an august innumerable company like to exhaust our attention no matter how great may be our intellectual staying-power. An exhaustive volume, as the book-cover states, of curious lore which, paradoxically, sets forth *in extenso* the history of prehistoric medicine. The author has gathered his data, that is, his facts commingled with traditions and myths, from archæological publications, the works of classical authors, and the treatises of authoritative commentators. A glance at the bibliography at the close of this volume reveals the immensity of the labor involved in preparation. A closer scrutiny reveals the weight and puissance of the authorities on whom Dr. Jayne finally reposes.

The subject is approached historically, in the most approved chronological order. Despite the appearance of having covered the entire range of relations between religion and medicine as they stood dually systematized under the priesthoods, we note the lack of an adequate account of what was happening in the remote Oriental nursery. Were there no healing Gods in ancient China?

The subject-matter of each nationality treated in this extraordinary production is considered under two recurrent headings; the first section giving the reader a general view of the salient features of the religion, or religions and healing customs of each nation; and the second dealing with the personalities of the deities principally concerned with the cure of the sick. Greece and Rome combined would naturally require about one-half of the total bulk of the volume. In this half and in the long section on Egypt, the reader treads fairly familiar ground. He will doubtless have occasion often to appeal to this admirable book of reference and may thank his stars that it is writ in English, not German, and that it is the best of its kind.

COMMON SENSE AND ITS CULTIVATION. By DR. HANBURY HANKIN. Dutton. 1926. $2.50.

This is a book which arouses great expectations only to disappoint them. Dr. Hankin takes a long step toward explaining the inestimable faculty of common sense when he defines it as a subconscious activity often identical with the processes of conscious reason but usually more complex, working upon more data, and often employing different methods of classification. Although he does not use the phrase, he clearly regards common sense as essentially "unconscious inference." But at this point, guided by a possibly protective dislike of logic, he goes on to stress the differences between the conscious and subconscious until the two become virtually antithetical, impossible to harmonize. From the apparent fact that data cannot function in the subconscious unless they have been forgotten he comes dangerously near reaching the conclusion that forgetfulness is the source of subconscious activity. And, for long stretches, he completely forgets that decisions reached subconsciously are not always reliable. Thus he explains an alleged but unproved superiority of the jury system to that of judicial verdicts by the fact that juries usually forget the evidence while judges remember it. Self-contradiction becomes more and more rampant as the work proceeds until it ends in a mass of confused paradox. It contains, nevertheless, many interesting separate passages and, in particular, an unusually illuminating discussion of mathematical prodigies.

WOMEN IN ANCIENT INDIA. By *Clarisse Bader*. Dutton. $4.

TELLING ON THE TROUT. By *Edward Ringwood Hewitt*. Scribners. $2.

(*Continued on page 846*)

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"IT IS one of the most gorgeous pieces of brilliance that I have ever read. It is full of amazing and brilliant satire from start to finish. Hecht's wit at the expense of both the police and Bruga is sometimes actually fiendish, but it is always superb. First-class funmaking, I shall recommend 'COUNT BRUGA' eternally. Hecht, I insist, is about the most capable writer in America. You will never regret reading 'COUNT BRUGA'."
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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

THOBBING. By *Henshaw Ward* (Bobbs-Merrill).

ROUGH JUSTICE. By *C. E. Montague* (Doubleday, Page).

THE ARCTURUS ADVENTURE. By *William Beebe* (Putnam).

E. G. says that the very title of "The Fat of the Cat," by Gottfried Keller (Harcourt) led her to get the book, and that no doubt there are other catlovers who would be glad of the names of books in which cats take a leading or even a subordinate part—so long as they are real cats.

KARL VAN VECHTEN'S "The Tiger in the House" (Knopf) is the monument to the species, a magnificent octavo with appropriate pictures, a book that really does the subject justice. Another landmark in this literature is Agnes Repplier's "The Fireside Sphynx" (Houghton Mifflin): this also is given a proper dress and decorations. Whenever you find cats in Algernon Blackwood's stories you can believe in them: it was he who pointed out that no egotistic or conceited person likes cats, for by no creature on earth may one be so magnificently ignored. Anatole France understood cats; Loit loved them and told how sailors find in the ship's cat a symbol of satin civilization and feline femininities left on shore. Maeterlinck's experience with them must have been unfortunate, from "The Blue Bird," but Kipling, whether he likes them or not, has attached to them in the "Just So Stories" the inevitable, unremovable phrase. Colette Willy's "Cats, Dogs, and I" (Holt), has several little masterpieces of cat psychology, especially the study of the feelings of a harassed mother who finds it hard to keep count of the squirming family.

Cats have inspired poems of as deep feeling as ever moved man to sing of dogs. Thomas Hardy's "Last Words to a Dumb Friend," for instance, in his "Late Lyrics and Earlier" (Macmillan), goes about the house wiping away the traces of the little lost friend:

From the chair whereon he sat
Sweep his fur, nor wince thereat—
Rake his little pathways out
Mid the bushes round about—

and cries, as so many of us have cried, "Never another pet for me!" But Anna Hempstead Branch touches a note seldom sounded when in "So I may feel the hands of God," she comforts the infirmity of an old, old cat, bewildered by the loss of life's sweetness. This is one of the poems of sympathy advised "against hardening of the heart" in Robert Haven Schauffler's anthology "The Poetry Cure" (Dodd, Mead). There is a wonderful account of the chained cats of China used as watch-dogs, in Louise Jordan Miln's "In a Shantung Garden" (Stokes). Moma Clarke has a good chapter on the cats of Paris in "Regarding the French" (McBride). As one whose pedestrian speed is rated "three miles an hour allowing for cats, three and one-half straightaway," I can if required provide the student of group psychology with data on the personality of cats as affected by environment. Always themselves, mewing Esperanto, they yet take something of the nature of their surroundings. For choice, give me the cats of Ebury Street: I would have written a ballade months ago could I have found an iambic adjective that would do justice to their burly self-respect, between the competent mousers of Paris and the furred parasites of Belgravia. When an Ebury Street cat at last admits that you are alive, you feel you have the freedom of the city.

Cats figure at least in the titles of several recent novels: in the mystery story "The Dancer's Cat," by C. A. Nicolson (Bobbs-Merrill), the poisoning of a Siamese figures in the plot, and there is another new detective story, "The Sleeping Cat," by Isabel Ostrander (McBride). In Naomi Royde-Smith's "The Tortoise Shell Cat" (Boni & Liveright), the animal does not enter until halfway through the book, and unimaginative readers ask why it is there at all. On placing this before Miss Royde-Smith she replied: "But it is such a little cat!" and if you have an eye for symbolism you will see why it appears in this, one of my favorite novels of the year. But the best cat in today's fiction is in that delectable entertainment "Lolly Willowes, or the Loving Huntsman," by Sylvia Thompson Dunbar (Viking), a book whose instant popularity speaks well for the good sense of the world. Never was a novel so misrepresented by even its most loving reviewers: they tell you it is the story of a maiden lady who makes herself over to the devil and becomes a witch, as if that were all the tale, not mentioning the long and lovely account of her life before this happened, which takes the greater part of the book and is as demure and delicious as Jane Austen. Nor has one of them pointed out that the devil in question is no demon at all but really the unsocial side of God. Here is a woman who never in all her life has had a chance to be herself, and by herself. If you know family life where this is the norm of living, as it is in England, you know that it takes superhuman aid to get out of it, even if to do so means saving your soul alive. Seeing that Lolly needed to remove from her idyllic peace of Great Map a devoted nephew intent on taking care of her, it is clear that it would not have been the thing to pray for this boon to Him who setteth the solitary in families. But the mystic knows that there are other sides to the Divine Nature.

A. S., Georgia, asks for books or magazine articles concerning the lost arts of the ancient world, for which he looked in vain, on a recent visit to New York, through public and college libraries.

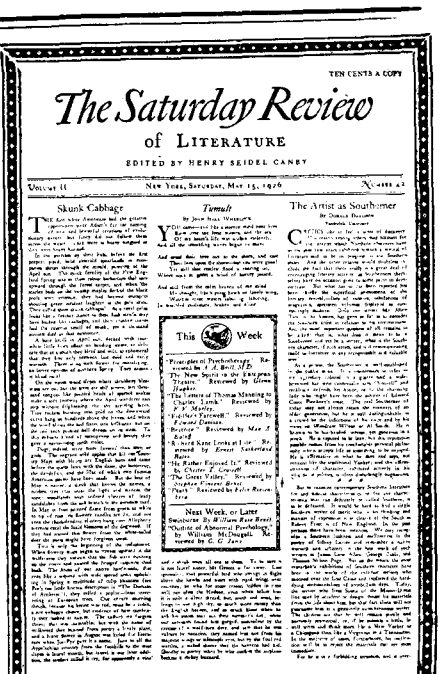
WE don't hear so much about the "lost arts" as we did, for we have become sceptical. The hardened copper of the ancients, one "lost art," was almost certainly an alloy. We can and do make any number of hard alloys. Malleable glass was another art: today we don't believe it ever existed. There are articles on "Lost Arts of Primitive Races," in *Leisure Hour*, v. 23, p. 583, and "Hunting for the Secrets of Lost Arts" in *World Today*, v. 16, p. 320. This information, with the hint that misconceptions, traders' tales, and common liars account for most of the "lost arts," I absorbed at the Engineering Society. From the Metropolitan Museum I learned that so far as lost or past processes in painting are concerned, the ancient world is represented by "Greek and Roman Methods of Painting," by Arthur Laurie (London, 1895), and the same author's "Materials of the Painters' Craft in Europe and Egypt, from Earliest Times to the end of the Seventeenth Century" (London).

C. C. F., Staunton, Va., wishes guidance in the assembling of weekly bulletins and house organs, and in general, books that will help him in business publicity.

"PUBLIC RELATIONS," by J. C. Long (McGraw-Hill), is a handbook of publicity as used by business enterprises: it includes material on house organs. Another valuable book for this purpose is "Business Writing: Articles, House Organs, Reports, Advertisements," by S. A. Hall (McGraw-Hill); this has methods of gathering data and of writing business copy of news, educational, and promotional character. "Publicity: Some of the Things It Is and Is Not," by I. L. Lee, is a little book published last year by the Industries Publishing Co.

The latest publication of this sort—all these books are of recent date, however—came from Appleton in February, and has been found to be of practical value in writing and handling publicity of all kinds: this is "Principles of Publicity," by Glenn C. Quiett and Ralph D. Casey. Another Appleton book that would be useful in this equipment is "Advertising: Its Problems and Methods," by John H. Cover; this carefully analyzes each problem and lays down principles, in every phase of advertising.

The "employee's magazine," which is in no way to be confused with the "house organ," is dealt with in "Employee Magazines in the United States" (Natl. Industrial Conference Bd. 1925), in which is a list of those published in this country, and in P. F. O'Shea's "Employees' Magazines for Factories, Offices, and Business Organizations" (Wilson, 1920) with a brief list of exchanges.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The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Skunk Cabbage — Turmoil — The Artist as Southerner

This Week

Next Week, or Later

HERE you are reading *The Saturday Review* each week, agreeing with some of its opinions, differing violently with others, wondering where we found that exceedingly boring essay and hoping we shall soon get another piece from that interesting person who wrote the article on "The Artist as Southerner."

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Points of View

S. O. S.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Have we made fun enough of the various schemes for, "French at sight," "French in twelve lessons,"—"in a fortnight,"—"made easy,"—"by the direct method,"—in short, French advertised like miraculous pills, or painless tooth pulling! And now, we professionals, come to propose exactly similar schemes for the imparting of literature to our students. And yet it takes only a little thought to realize that such methods are, if possible, even less in place in that field than in language. Why not elementary metaphysics in University Extension Coures, or integral calculus in Kindergarten grade, or the mysteries of the universe in ten lessons?

Of course one can say that in France also they have elementary and short Histories of French Literature; but besides the fact that for the understanding of French literature you can leave unsaid in France a good many things which cannot be taken for granted here, their "manuels" are of comparatively very respectable size. The best known, at this hour, are Abry, Audic & Crouzet, and Desgranges, which although called "short," still count respectively 658 pages and 1,008 pages; Lanson has 1,150; Doumic, 632; and one of the shortest ones, Pellissier's "Précis," has 548 pages of small print. In America we had something about corresponding in Wright's "History of French Literature," 964 pages, or Dargan and Nitze's, 781 pages. But for some years now, a tendency has been gaining ground which expresses itself in throwing more and more ballast overboard, and boldly shortening the short histories of French Literature to 400, 350, even 300 pages. In vain did those who felt the danger of hopeless superficiality and flimsiness, protest, discreetly at first, louder lately, things grew worse and worse . . . and now the time has come when a warning should be made public.

A few days ago a little volume landed on our desk, printed by one of our leading American firms of text-books, prepared by a young lady Licenciée-es-Lettres, Université de Paris: the book is called "Précis de Littérature Française."

This is really *le chef-d'œuvre du genre.* Imagine a complete History of French Literature (one of the very richest literatures in the world), and selections from the great authors, and abundant pictures, and "Questionnaires" for oral work based on the lessons of the book, and suggestions for written work also based on the lessons, and suggestions for collateral reading—*all* in 231 pages of an average of 250 words to the page (for, some of them are partly blank, or partly taken by pictures).

All Voltaire takes five pages, including ½ p. for pictures, 1¼ pp. for selections, 1 p. for "questions et lectures."

All the eighteenth century theatre (meaning Marivaux, Beaumarchais, Diderot, Nivelle de la Chaussée, Sedaine), and poetry (for one puts gaily Beaumarchais in the same chapter with André Chénier) holds 2 pages, *plus* three pictures, *plus* 2 pages of the "Barbier de Séville"(—not even the Figaro monologue).

All Victor Hugo (life, works, pictures, selections, directions for exercises, and readings) fills six pages and three lines.

And watch the inspiring Questions. On p. 86 a letter by Mme. de Sévigné begins: "Ma fille je vais encore vous parler de M. de Turenne. . . ." *Question*: "Est ce la première lettre que Madame de Sévigné écrit sur ce sujet?"

No, really: *De qui se moque-t-on ici?!* Witness the results: p. 231: Question 1, of concluding chapter: "Faites un tableau synoptique des écrivains français que vous avez étudiés (!) en les classant *verticalement* par époques, *horizontalement* par genres." So, a checker board of names is the result! . . . And *not one* of the names can possibly mean anything to the pupil. "Des écrivains que vous avez *étudiés!*" What a prodigious profanation of the word *étudier*: But this is madness. If this is "study," let us close our schools and go

". . . chercher sud la terre un endroit écarté,
u, d'être homme d'étude, on ait la liberté!"

In all fairness, however, one must keep in mind that this is only a particularly fine sample of the sort of books becoming the fashion now; and again, besides the "survey courses" proper, there are many volumes of selections prepared for survey courses and which are just as bad, scrappy, quick, movy-type—but not exciting at all!

The argument to excuse such nonsense we know well; better half a loaf,—they keep on saying,—than nothing at all. But this is not half a loaf, neither a quarter of a loaf, nor an eighth of a loaf. There is no nourishment to it at all. Or would you consider that one spoonful of soup, and one bite of fish, and one of meat, and one of salad, and one mouthful of ice cream, constitute even a fraction of a meal? Offer a plate of soup and nothing else, or a dish of meat and nothing else, or a saucer of pudding, or even a crust of bread: this would be different. And something of this sort is entirely feasible in our case. Calculate the time at your disposal, and examine how much material you can "study," and limit the scope of your course accordingly. Take some of the authors of the classical period in France, or some of the period preceding the modern era (eighteenth century), or of the romantic period,—and be done with it. Or do what Mornet of the Sorbonne just proposed ("Histoire Génerale de la Littérature Française," 2ième partie, Larousse, 1925): Take not even an author, but a few representative *works*: One "Essai" of Montaigne, two or three plays by Corneille, Racine, or Molière, some "Caractères" of La Bruyère, Rousseau's "Emile," Lamartine's "Méditations," Hugo's "Contemplations," etc. This is sensible; while to give a string of names and titles and dates will ever remain utterly useless, and, of course, distasteful to the student.

ALBERT SCHINZ.

Smith College.

Baring or Horace?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

When Mr. Freeman Day accuses me of a bad break, he seems to take it for granted that, even though I have published a volume of pervasions entitled "Including Horace," I never heard of Q. Horatius. Had Mr. Day read the complete poem by Maurice Baring—the first quatrain of which I quoted in my review—he would have seen why the vein is Georgian-bucolic rather than Roman fatalistic. Mr. Baring's title as well as the plot of "Diffugere Nives" is, it is true, taken from Horace, but the tone of voice, the polite platitudes, the *clichés* are entirely Mr. Baring's. Mr. Day will look in vain through the Horatian ode for the "starred grass," the "buttercups," the "singing blackbirds," and the other properties which are so recognizably the adjuncts of the present pastoral reaction in English verse. Mr. Baring's "paraphrase" is as definitely "in the more recent tradition" as Thomas Campion's version of "Integer Vitæ" is, in spite of its adherence to the Latin original, distinctly Elizabethan.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

New York.

Mr. Blau Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mr. Lewisohn has succeeded in crowding not a few errors within the short compass of his charmingly urbane letter in which he has seen fit to reply to my review of his book called "Israel."

He is quite mistaken to think—

That my approval of his book is grudging: this depends, obviously, on the measure of praise expected;

That, as he seems to imply, rabbinical lore is incompatible with literary ability: it simply is not;

That, conversely, literary ability or fondness for fine writing stamps a man, *eo ipso*, as an Earth-Man, an Am-ha-aretz: *non sequitur*;

That he himself belongs to the tribe of Earth-men like Herzl and Nordau: he rather belongs, by virtue of this thought, to the tribe of Ahad-Haam (Asher Ginzberg), who, far from being an Am-haaretz, is well-versed in rabbinical lore;

That men possessing both rabbinical lore and *some* literary skill have not in the past said those things which suddenly engaged Mr. Lewisohn's attention: they did;

That, if they did, they said them (to quote him) "in such a manner as would not persuade many people to listen:" on the contrary, they were listened to, although it is a thousand pities that Mr. Lewisohn was not among their hearers or readers.

Plainly, the Prodigal Son has been away for too long a spell from his Father's House to possess the inside information that might have saved him from this imposing array of errors.

JOEL BLAU.

London.

A Rhymed Review

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Enclosed herewith you will find a rhymed review of Christopher Morley's "Thunder on the Left," written by Keturah Rollinson, a student in one of my classes.

BURGES JOHNSON.

First we see a children's party,
Where the merriment is hearty
And is hale.
They play games for us and dine us
And present a mouse that's minus
Any tail.

Next we see them when they're grown-up,
And their weaknesses are shown up:—
Each mistake,
Each misplacement of affection,
And a certain predilection
Toward cake.

When a man in conversation
Says "depot" instead of "station,"
Sense-bereft,
Then our minds are in a jumble,
And we hear the thunder rumble
On the left.

On the sleeping-porch above us
Are three little tots who love us,
Sweet and small.
Look! They lean upon the railing,
And the frail support is failing.
They will fall.

Now, loud the thunder's rumble,
As the three wee figures tumble
With the rail!
(Oh, what a nightmare house, that!)
But they're rescued by a mouse that
Lacks a tail.

Yes, the whole was just a vision,
And our ultimate decision—
With a wail—
That the chapters just entwine us
With a mouse, moreover minus
Any tale.

"By Any Other Name"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*."
SIR:

Why not "Skunk Cabbage"? The author of your leading editorial for Saturday the fifteenth would seem to be a better botanist than patriot or poet. How many of us who early learned to recognize *simplicarpus foetidus* as the harbinger of spring would have been edified to know that "its leaves when crushed had the raucus odor of musk"? What was musk to us or we to the musk deer? But skunk was our friend the pole cat. And what is wrong with cabbage, that magnificent vegetable which we might well use in decoration as the Greek used his acanthus, that great green rose of the truck patch, nursery of vitamines and succulent storage of wholesome winter fare?

And why not blood root? In a rich language the poetry of nomenclature should have many moods. And do not the wind flowers blow beside the blood root and spring beauties troop at the edge of the woods and Quaker ladies stand in the field and soft little mouse ear? The advancing season will range in suggestion from the Indian's pipe to Bethlehem's star, but could any name hint a grace or a mystery more likely to open the mind of a child to poetry than the uncanny thrill of finding on his hand the blood of a little white lily?

Anyone who dislikes the silly name of dogtooth violet has the option of using the equally common name of adder's tongue. And if he has so far forgotten the sensuous interests of his childhood as to have no fondness for the name of milkweed let him say butterfly weed and celebrate the hoverings of black and orange wings over a flower that, in either of its colors, well sets off the butterfly.

Dogwood is now a meaningless name, and better so. Let lesser beauties claim reference, it needs no metaphor. A "tulipoplar" is surely a poplar with a difference. We often call it tulip tree. We might have found other names for those flowers with pale flames for petals, red at the base and yellow at the tip, and for the strenuous lift of limb that bears them. But surely the best name for those great candelabra with the globes of cool fire comes from the simple marriage of the tulip with the tree.

Shad bush? That, too, we accept. What is this dyspeptic plaint that would have spring only a matter of airy visions and "a thousand sonnets," spring that draws up the sweet sap in the maple and calls the fish back to the streams, that sets the foot of man again in the furrow and lifts his eyes to range. Do let us enjoy the thawed earth beneath our feet and the sun on our backs, and when Nature shakes out white flowers to signal that the shad have returned to the river let us think on our hungry antecedents and regard the bush with gratitude and taste spring with every sense.

The world is so full of a number of things that we can be lavish with their names. The robin was named for a memory and the cat bird for a joke, the kingbird in the orchard for his crown and his courage, the cardinal for gorgeously clad churchmen in Europe and the high hole for his nest in the woods. So be it. And the turkey buzzard let us think of exactly as he is—a bird that eats our dead sheep and then rises on mighty wings to glide and sail in the forehead of the wind, lifting our hearts with his glorious motion, a creature that, like man, can gorge and also soar.

ALICE S. CHEYNEY.

Washington, D. C.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 844)

Poetry

MONICA, Or the Chronicle of Marcus. By SAMUEL VALENTINE COLE. Marshall Jones. 1926. $1.50.

In the poem founded on the life and character of the mother of St. Augustine, we have a religious poem of dignity and charm, never ridiculous, never insincere, a simple tale that if not enthralling is at least reasonably interesting. In narrative blank verse interspersed with lyrics in the manner of "Idyls of the King" it tells how a child of faith grew to girlhood, married a pagan, was disappointed in his worldliness, prayed, gave birth to a pagan, was hurt by the boy's worldliness, prayed, and finally found happiness and untold joy in the conversion and belief of her son.

The characters are human, and the verse sufficiently imaged and alive to carry the story easily—

Prayer is not taking God's hand to lead Him,
But to be led of Him.

the workmanship is careful and the point of view in good taste. There is really only one criticism—cautiousness. If Mr. Cole wrote no inane line he wrote no remarkably good one. It is perhaps too much to demand that poetry be great, but it is certainly not necessarily to be presumed that it is good because it is not inane. Balance is here. Control is here. The work is quiet, careful, thoughtful, and—uninspired. And so, perhaps because of a lack of that more than compensating greatness that sometimes is coupled with the inane, the poem is less for the layman than for those who are already religiously inclined and wha have themselves an interest in the subject that is here presented faithfully and well.

CASEMENTS. By *Richard Clondesley Savage.* Dutton. $2.

NEW VERSE. By *Robert Bridges.* Oxford University Press. $2.

BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE SHANTY-BOY. Collected and edited by *Franz Rickaby.* Harvard University Press. $3.50.

THE POET'S MIDNIGHT SERENADE. Translated by *Angelo de Lucas.* Privately printed.

TROILUS AND CRISEYDE. By *Geoffrey Chauces.* Edited by *Robert Kilburn Root.* Princeton University Press. $6 net.

POEMS. By *Robert Louis Stevenson* (Everyman's Library). Dutton. 80 cents.

NOTATIONS FOR A CHIMÆRA. By *Herbert S. Gorman.* Milton I. D. Einstein, 295 Fifth Ave., New York.

Travel

THE PARIS THAT'S NOT IN THE GUIDE BOOKS. By BASIL WOON. Brentanos. 1926. $2.

A more exact title for this book would be, "A Guide to the *Paris Herald;*" Basil Woon manages to include in it a bit of gossip about some 250 members of the American colony whose names keep recurring in that official bulletin of Parisian America.

If one desires to know the specialties of the many bars and cabarets catering to Americans, along with a bit of the history of each one, the present book is to be highly recommended; the information in it is detailed and accurate. The habitués of the Ritz bar, of Henry's, of the New York bar, the superiority of the small room at Ciro's to the large one, the atmosphere of a gala night at the Chateau de Madrid and of a Sunday night at the Ritz, the proper method of procedure during a swing around the night clubs of Montmartre, and the best way of sight-seeing in Montparnasse, are all described. For the most part the author's histories of "American institutions in Paris" are interesting and amusing. As much cannot be said for the gossip that fills most of the book; it is largely cheap and insipid.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

SALE OF SET OF SIGNERS

THE historical library of Dr. George C. F. Williams of Hartford, Conn., including books, pamphlets, broadsides, and autographs and documents, mainly of the Revolutionary War period, was sold at the Anderson Galleries May 17 and 18, in four sessions, 879 lots bringing $74,112. Rare book dealers and collectors were in attendance in full force and showed a lively interest in the sale. Competition was keen, bidding lively, and prices generally were high.

Naturally interest centered in the sale of the set of Signers. There were some duplicates, but a set composed of one each of the best specimens, sold separately, brought a total of $37,688.50. A document signed by Button Gwinnett brought $19,000; an inlaid signature of Gwinnett from the collection of Charles C. Jones, Jr., of Georgia, sold for $10,500. A full fine signature of Thomas Lynch, Jr., written on the back of an engraved frontispiece to "The Tragedies of Sophocles," London, 1759, fetched $5,200. Other high priced items in the set were D. S. of Samuel Adams, 2 pp., folio, Province of Massachusetts Bay, In House of Representatives, May 27, 1773, one of the most important and daring resolutions leading to the Revolution, sold for $560; A. L. S. of Benjamin Franklin, 2 pp., 4to, Philadelphia, December 2, 1762, written immediately after his return from England, whence he had gone to plead the cause of the Colonies, $510; A. L. S. of Joseph Hewes, 2 pp., 4to, Edenton, October 7, 1775, in regard to preparation for the war, $1,000; A. L. S. of Arthur Middleton, 2 pp., 12 mo., N.p., N.d., $2,700; A. L. S. of Edward Rutledge, 2 pp., folio, Philadelphia, July 20, 1776, $850.

In the last fourteen years five sets of distinction of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence have been sold at auction. In 1912, the Danforth set, sold in Philadelphia, brought $14,873.50; in 1922, an Emmet set sold *en bloc* at Anderson's, $19,750; in 1924, the Thomas set sold in Philadelphia, $26,502; January 19 of this year the Manning set, sold at Anderson's, $46,925.50; and now, the Williams set, greatly inferior to the Manning set, $37,688.50. When the quality is considered the Williams set brought quite as high prices as the Manning set.

Other interesting lots and the prices realized were the following:

Stamp Act. "Authentic Account of the Proceedings of the Congress held at New York, in 1765, on the Subject of the Stamp Act," 8vo, morocco, London, 1767. One of two contemporary printed accounts of this Congress. $97.50.

Bolton (Thomas). "An Oration delivered March Fifteenth, 1775, small 4to, morocco by Bedford, Boston, 1775. "A burlesque oration delivered in disguise from the balcony of the Boston Coffee-House. $92.50.

Broadside. A proclamation by Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut announcing the death of General Montgomery and calling for troops, January 27, 1776. $160.

Calef (John). "The Siege of Penobscot by the Rebels," etc., folding colored charts, 8vo, half morocco, London, 1781. $250.

Colden (Cadwallader). "The Conduct of Colden, Esq., Lieutenant Governor of New York," etc., small 8vo, cloth, London, 1-65. $80.

Mante (Thomas). "The History of the Late War in North-America, and the Islands of the West-Indies, including the Campaigns of 1763 and 1764, against his Majesty's Indian Enemies," maps, 4to, morocco, London, 1772. Fine copy. $270.

Paine (Thomas). "A Dialogue between the Ghost of General Montgomery just arrived from the Elysian Fields; and an American Delegate, in a Wood near Philadelphia," 8vo, wrappers, Philadelphia, 1776. Very few copies recorded. $70.

Penobscot Expedition. "The Proceedings of the General Assembly, and of the Council, of the State of Massachusetts, relating to the Penobscot Expedition," small 4to, wrappers, Boston, 1780. Rare official account. $365.

Stevens (B. F.). "Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives Relating to America, 1773-1783," etc., 25 vols., folio, morocco, London, 1889-1898. Only 200 copies printed. $550.

Bigelow (John). "John Bigelow's Private Remarks 1776," 22 pp., 4to, April 15 to August 10, 1776. Revolutionary manuscript Journal. $260.

Greene (Nathaniel). Original manuscript Orderly Book, apparently kept at Headquarters by various adjutants and assistant adjutants, during General Greene's campaign in the South from April 5, 1781, to September 4, 1781, 72 pp., 4to, original vellum. An important Revolutionary journal at a critical period. $770.

Montgomery (Gen. Richard). A. L. S., 4 pp., folio, Camp near St. John's, October 5, 1775. Account of the Canadian campaign written to his brother-in-law, Robert R. Livingston, Jr. $375.

Washington (George). A. L. S., 3 pp., 4to, Mount Vernon, October 3, 1798, to his nephew, William Augustine Washington. Account of his family genealogy. $960.

NOTE AND COMMENT

AN exhibition of recent European examples of fine book and commercial printing has been held in the New York *Times* Annex and has attracted a great deal of attention. The specimens exhibited were collected in Europe by Henry Lewis Bullen, curator of the Typographic Library, and Museum of the American Type Founders Company of Jersey City, and included examples of fine color printing, lithography and all forms of art and commercial printing from France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and Hungary.

The Roycrofters at their shops in East Aurora have brought out a handsome memorial edition of Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia." It consists of photographic reproductions of the original manuscript on Japanese vellum, the whole enclosed in a beautiful leather portfolio. Each portfolio contains a portrait of Elbert Hubbard and several pages of typewritten manuscript, corrected in his own handwriting. The edition is limited to 495 copies.

A contribution for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre fund has been opened in Japan by the *Osaki Mainichi*, one of the foremost daily newspapers of Japan which publishes both Japanese and English editions. In recent years the Japanese have been ardent admirers of Shakepeare and all of his plays have been translated into Japanese.

In its series of collotype facsimiles of literary curiosities, the Oxford University Press issues a slender volume containing Jane Austen's "Plan of a Novel According to Hints from Various Quarters," with opinions on "Mansfield Park" and "Emma" collected and transcribed by her, and other documents. These are printed from the originals recently acquired by the British Museum and J. Pierpont Morgan, the more important ones being reproduced in facsimile by the collotype process. Only 350 copies have been printed in quarto form, bound in marble paper boards, with paper labels.

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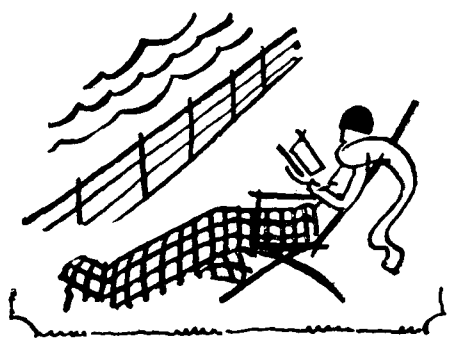

The Phoenix Nest

WE ourselves are seeking the bounding billow, but many of you may be seeking the fair green within the next several months. * * * We used to play golf ourselves, so we can understand your predilection now that it actually seems as if summer were approaching. * * * But if you go out among the bunkers, and if you are not shooting under ninety for the eighteen, take along "The Duffer's Handbook of Golf," by *Grantland Rice*, illustrated by *Clare Briggs*, the famous cartoonist. * * * "If at first you don't succeed," says Mr. Rice, "try looking at the ball." And anon he bursts into song as follows, "He who swings and lifts his head will say things better left unsaid." * * * Mr. Rice also conveys tips from such famous players as *Jim Barnes*, *Walter Hagen*, and *Bobby Jones*. * * * But maybe you would rather get some tips from poets,—maybe you would rather sit down under a shade-tree just off the course, commune with nature, and dip into some pleasant books of verse, letting the chip-shots fall where they may. * * * In such a case, allow us to recommend some books that you can slip in your pocket. * * * Here is, for instance, "New Poems and Old," by one *Muriel Stuart.* This very attractively manufactured small volume is produced by one whose praises as a bookseller we have often sung, namely *Edwin Valentine Mitchell*, of 27 Lewis Street, Hartford, Connecticut. It bears an introduction by *Henry Savage*. * * * Mr. Savage rather daringly states that "Muriel Stuart is the greatest English woman poet living today." * * * We can't go that far with him, but we can opine that her poetry is well worth reading. Here's a naughty lyric of hers we very much like:

GAY GIRL TO GOOD GIRL

What is virtue, when all's done,
Withered breast, shaking knees?
Cold thoughts sitting in the sun,
If it only bring you these?

Men love virtue—so they say,
So they say, but what they do
Kisses half your soul away,
And takes virtue out of you!

When you die, they'll say, "Poor thing!"
When I'm dead, they'll lean above;
One will kiss me, one will bring
A posy for the sake of love.

When we're both dead, gone far hence
Will it matter what we've been?
On your virtues and my sins
Grass will grow as quick and green.

* * * And then here is a most charming smaller volume entitled "Casements," being fifty poems by fifty French poets (1820-1920) selected and translated by *Richard Cloudesley Savage* (and what a swell name!) and published in this country by Dutton, imported from J. M. Dent and Sons of London. * * * Here are strains by *Banville*, *Baudelaire*, *Botrel*, *Daudet*, *Paul Fort*, *Catulle Mendes*, *Musset*, *Nadaud*, *Regnier*, *Richepin*, *Rostand*, *Verlaine*, and others. * * * A nice and original summer token for your best girl. * * * Then there's "Nobodaddy," a poetic drama by *Archibald MacLeish*, published by Dunster House, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Seven hundred copies only of this attractive volume have been printed and consequently it sells for six dollars. * * * The title-page design by our old friend *W. A. Dwiggins* is, of course, a thing of beauty. * * * The Modern Library has just got out an excellent broadside about their books. "Vacation time," they remark, "slip a few Modern Library volumes into the corners of your grip!" And not a bad suggestion at that! * * * Schulte's bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, will send on inquiry their "Quinn" catalogue of first editions, and in spite of the fact that *Swinburne's* name is spelt two separate ways in it, very fine some of the items are. * * * The rare first of the Swinburne's essay on *Blake*, London 1868, is priced at $12.50, which isn't at all unreasonable. * * * And looking further through Part 1 of the catalogue, we glean very interesting "info" here and there. * * * *Par exemple,* here is *George Moore's* "Hail and Farewell" in 3 volumes, London 1911-1912 (1914), priced at seventy-five dollars. In volume three there is an autograph inscription by *W. B. Yeats*, which leads one to surmise that he really didn't like the book. It is a little too strong to print here. But on the opposite fly leaf the same poet has written,

What wonder that so vain a creature
Being jealous of the very wind
Mistook an impulse of ill nature
For art's deliberate mind.

* * * Then, in this same catalogue is advertised *Ezra Pound's* "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly" from the Ovid Press. This is priced at $22.50. The Vellum edition was intended, says the catalogue, to be strictly limited to 15 numbered and signed copies printed on genuine vellum and not for sale; notice of this is printed in the back of the book, but Ezra Pound had three extra copies made and signed specially for *John Quinn.* This is copy No. 18, with the inscription "Ezra," and the last copy printed on vellum. * * * A book of Irish verse listed in this catalogue, that seems worth having, is "Secret Springs of Dublin Song," by an anonymous author. Some have attributed it to "*A. E.*," others to the late *Susan Mitchell.* * * * "It has some of the most amusing poems and of the broadest humor published in Dublin in recent years." * * * And you can buy (or could) three volumes of *The Egoist* (an Individualist Review), in three-quarter morocco, for twenty-five dollars. They contain among other things the first printing of *James Joyce's* "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," and contributions by *Amy Lowell*, *Ezra Pound*, *Remy de Gourmont*, *Wyndham Lewis*, and others. * * * But, laying aside the catalogue, we now turn to "Mape: The World of Illusion," by *André Maurois*, the author of "Ariel." This is another volume of biography, comprising three studies. The first is of *Goethe*, in the throes of his youthful romance with *Charlotte Buff*. * * * On the rather strange Contents page this is called "The First Circle of Mape or The Creator." * * * "The Second Circle of Mape or The Reader" concerns a young man and his attempt to emulate a character in one of *Balzac's* stories, his attempt to enter Balzac's world of illusion. * * * "The Third Circle of Mape or The Interpreter" presents the portrait of an actress, namely, the famous *Sarah Siddons.* * * * And what the deuce *is* this Mape? you may justly ask. * * * Well, it turns out that Mape, as M. Maurois tells us in his opening pages, is a word coined by his own little daughter to designate her ever-ready world of make-believe. * * * From the office of *George Sylvester Viereck* comes the following statement:

From a paragraph in a literary publication we note that *Jacob Wassermann* is about to publish a long novel dealing with the destiny of the Jewish people since Christ. We understand that there will be a central character, one eternal Jew, who passes immortal through the ages. Permit us to state, as a matter of record, that we are now engaged in the completion of a novel conceived and begun fifteen years ago, in which the central figure is the Wandering Jew, immortal and young. The treatment of our subject will, very likely, be totally different from Wassermann's work, for we are not primarily, nor even to any appreciable degree, interested in the history of the Jew. Our Wandering Jew is the Eternal Man, akin to Ahasuerus, Faust, and Don Juan, and partaking of all of them—man in quest of himself. The work will probably consist of two volumes, the greater part of which is now in the hands of an international publishing house; but it is not possible to tell at this moment whether it will appear in the Fall or in the Spring, following or preceding the publication of Wassermann's novel. We bring this matter to your attention now to forestall the possible suggestion later that we were inspired in any way by Wassermann's work.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) *George Sylvester Viereck,*
Paul Eldridge.

* * * "Blues" is out, an anthology "tracing the development of the most spontaneous and appealing branch of Negro folk music from the folk blues to modern jazz." * * * It is edited by *W. C. Handy*, with an introduction by *Abbe Niles* and illustrations by *Miguel Covarrubias.* * * * It is published by Albert and Charles Boni. * * * It contains over forty pieces of music and words by *Handy*, *Williams*, *Nashe*, *Gershwin*, *Kern*, *Berlin*, and others. * * * W. C. Handy, who composed the "St. Louis Blues" and the "Memphis Blues" is, of course, the Father of the Blues. * * * Covarrubias's illustrations are simply amazing, and Handy's selections are naturally full of prizes. One simple strain which we like particularly is entitled "Mountain Top Blues (Blue Mama's Suicide Wail)." Some of the words run like this:

Goin' up to the mountain top
Throw myself down in the sea;
Climb up to the mountain
Throw myself down in the sea;
Jes let the sharks and fishes
Make a big fuss over me!

* * * And so, so long!

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